

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 366.—VOL. XV.]

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped, 5d.]

The Conservatives and the Reform Bill.
Parliamentary Dodging and Irish Reform.
Earl Russell's Confession.
Our Royal Lodgers.
Mr. Gladstone upon the Newspaper Press.
"Check to your Bishop."
Martial Law.

Our Eastern Mails.
The Knightsbridge Barracks.
Aristocratic Thespians.
Sport in Sweden.
Dr. Cumming's "Last Woe."
Chic!

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

FINE ARTS:—
The Royal Academy Exhibition.
Music.—The London Theatres.

SCIENCE:—
Scientific Jottings.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—
The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—
Wages and Earnings of the Working Classes.

The Pyrenees.
The Life and Death of Jason.
New Novels.
Biblical Studies.
The Magazines.
Short Notices.
Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the Week.

THE CONSERVATIVES AND THE REFORM BILL.

THE spirit of disaffection which has long been rife amongst the Conservatives has at last broken out into open revolt. It is no secret that, although they have followed Mr. Disraeli with passive and servile obedience throughout the session, their hearts have been full of doubt and misgiving. Although they have even trained their tongues with some difficulty to speak that curiously combined mixture of Tory and Radical phrases in which the right hon. gentleman himself discourses with such great effect, the effort has been a painful one, and the success has been far from perfect. To a politician of so much versatility as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it may be easy to take his stand one year on the representation of classes, and to declare next year that we are Englishmen alike, and that nothing can be more invidious than class distinctions. A pliant and accommodating Cabinet, like that with which the country is now blessed, may adopt one Reform Bill in ten minutes, and discard it, with very little more deliberation, in favour of another of a totally different character; may propose securities only to abandon them; and may set up a vital principle only to acquiesce in its being gradually undermined and frittered away; but the eating of political dirt is not an occupation congenial to English gentlemen, especially when they have nothing to gain by it in point of place or power, and have everything to lose by it in point of honour and self-respect. Nothing but the most adroit and astute management could have induced the Tory party to submit to the modifications which have been successively introduced into the Government Bill; and while we rejoice over the result, we cannot look back with any satisfaction at the means by which it has been attained. If our opponents had been generally converted to our opinions, that would, indeed, have been matter for sincere rejoicing. But then we all know that that is not the case; and even although we may gain our ends, we cannot see with pleasure the degradation of any great English party. Last year the Conservatives might, with perfect consistency and honour, have accepted the measure of Mr. Gladstone. It was studiously moderate in its proportions. Its probable effect and operation were limited and accurately ascertained. It recognised that balance of classes for which the Conservatives have always contended; and while it admitted the working-classes to a fair share of power, it did not hand over a single borough to their exclusive control. In its place we have a larger measure of enfranchisement than Mr. Bright has ever ventured to propose to the House of Commons. We have an extension of the suffrage utterly uncertain in amount and still more uncertain in operation; and if the working classes do act together, as we were told last year with wearisome iteration by Tory speakers they will infallibly do, nothing can be more certain than that every borough in the country will be at their mercy. It is unnecessary to say that we do not entertain any apprehension on this score, but we can quite understand the feelings of those who do; and, with the history of the session before them, both Liberals and Conservatives may well unite with General Peel in declaring that, with Mr. Disraeli in office, "there is nothing that possesses so little vitality as a vital point, that there is nothing so insecure as a security, and that there is nothing so elastic as the conscience of a Cabinet Minister."

Long-suffering as the Conservatives have been, it seems that their endurance has at last reached its limit. The division which took place on Mr. Horsfall's clause, conferring a third member upon Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Liverpool, when nearly sixty Ministerialists voted against their leaders, is a clear proof that Mr. Disraeli's influence over them has been strained to the utmost. Like weak men and weak parties in general, the Conservatives have yielded when they should have stood firm, and they now propose to make a stand when it would be good policy to yield. By compelling their leaders to accept Mr. Gladstone's £5 suffrage in the early part of the present session they might have effected a very favourable compromise on this branch of the Reform question. But they allowed themselves to be beguiled by the attractions of the compound householder, and they now find themselves, by the adoption of Mr. Hodgkinson's amendment, saddled with the householder pure and simple. Having thus become parties to a sweeping instead of a moderate extension of the franchise, and having by this step enormously strengthened the objections to the existing distribution of seats, they turned round and opposed the very limited proposition which can alone delay for a few years the adoption of an equally sweeping measure of redistribution. It is clear enough that the immense constituencies which will be created in all the large boroughs under the present Bill would not long be content to see their influence neutralized by little boroughs, with not one tithe of their population, returning the same number of members. It is idle to deny that numbers and wealth are entitled to something like proportionate representation, when that principle is admitted to a certain extent by the very fact that one class of boroughs returns two members each and another only one. And it is still more absurd to suppose that the large towns would accept the ingenious theories which Mr. Disraeli offered them instead of a concession to their just claims, when the county representatives have been considerably augmented on the express ground that the numbers and wealth of the county population have not hitherto had their just weight in the House. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, a system under which Manchester should have the same number of members as Beverley, and Liverpool no more direct influence than Thetford, must break down. Anomalies may be tolerated up to a certain point, but when they reach this magnitude they become insupportable. The Chancellor of the Exchequer evidently saw that this was the case, and that the only way to stave off for a time the agitation for a further redistribution of seats (which he probably foresaw as clearly as General Peel) was to meet the case of the great towns to some slight extent by the grant of additional members to the places we have mentioned. The concession was made avowedly out of regard to expediency. For once the right hon. gentleman's ingenuity and fertility of device failed him. He was unable to invent any principle to which his surrender might be referred; but at the same time its advisability was so obvious that a party less obtuse than that which now sits behind the Treasury Bench must have recognised this at once. It is a striking indication of their political blindness that they selected this point on which to break, or threaten to break, with their leader. Although only between fifty and sixty of them actually divided against the Government on Monday, the general sense of the party was so clearly with the minority, that Mr. Disraeli was

compelled to clog a concession which the Liberals were quite willing to accept as a compromise, with a condition that deprived it of nearly all its value.

Nothing could be more unjust or more shortsighted than to insist on giving the four members to Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds, at the expense of other places, whose claims to be represented for the first time, or to receive additional representatives, had been already recognised by the House. It was unjust, because it is clear that if the size and importance of the latter warranted the boon which it is proposed to confer upon them, their claim could not be affected by the four towns receiving a portion of that which is due to them. It was shortsighted, because it placed before the country, in the most flagrant manner, the fact that large towns are either wholly deprived of representation, or are condemned only to partial and inadequate representation, in order that villages like Arundel and Honiton, or pieces of counties like Shoreham, East Retford, and Cricklade may return members at the nomination of patrons, or may assist to swell the influence of what is called the rural, but is really in the territorial interest. The increase in the county representatives which will take place under this Bill is an irresistible argument in favour of replacing the unsound and rotten portion of the borough representation by more healthy and vigorous members. It is not likely that a Parliament elected by household suffrage will long tolerate the existence of such shams as the little places we have mentioned, if their existence as Parliamentary boroughs is seen to involve in a direct and palpable manner the denial of members to large growing and influential towns. Such an assembly will not have anything like the same distaste for disfranchisement which is felt by the present House of Commons; and it is therefore the interest of the Conservatives to remove, as much as possible, any incitement to agitate the question of redistribution, at any rate for the next few years. The four members required could easily be obtained by taking one from each of four small boroughs now returning two; and in that manner this portion of the Reform question might be set at rest for a time, if not with general satisfaction at any rate with general acquiescence. If, however, Mr. Disraeli, in deference to the pressure placed upon him by his followers, insists upon adhering to the plan which he has announced, he may win a temporary victory. By the aid of a section of the Liberal party he may defeat the efforts of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright to bring the two portions of his Bill into something like harmony. But if he and those who sit behind him persist in this course they will infallibly afford fresh illustration of the old truth, that the Tories are the real authors of revolutions. The new wine of household suffrage will infallibly burst the old bottles into which it is proposed to pour it; and, although we do not suppose that we shall arrive at electoral districts within any period that need concern the present generation, it is as certain as anything can well be that if once the question of redistribution gives rise to a serious agitation, it will not stop short of the most extensive changes. To postpone that agitation as long as possible by moderate changes would be the course of a really Conservative party; but, at the present moment there is every indication that the body which usurps that name is bent upon stimulating it by the most direct and offensive provocations.

PARLIAMENTARY DODGING AND IRISH REFORM.

THIS day fortnight we called attention to the state of the Irish representative system in connection with the postponement or rather evasion of its reform. The view which we suggested of the subject, strange to say, appeared to be a novel one. We have, however, no reason to complain of the manner in which it has been received. Several, both of the English and Irish journals, have followed up the examination, upon which we could only enter, of the miserable narrowness of Irish enfranchisement. The writer of a letter in the *Morning Star* has perhaps exhausted the whole of the statistical details, and, as far as newspaper discussion is concerned, we may regard it as conceded that there is scarcely such a thing as popular representation existing in Ireland. We recur to the question not for the purpose of repeating or enforcing what we have already pointed out, nor yet with the object of using the additional illustrations of our statement which have been supplied. We cannot dismiss the question of the Irish Reform Bill without noticing the manner in which on last night week it was disposed of in the House of Commons. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had a singular opportunity for the display of those peculiar talents which constitute him

unquestionably "the king of the dodgers." He had not any real earnestness on behalf of an Irish Reform Bill to encounter. It was only necessary to frame a few solemn plausibilities—the more insincere and the more sophistical the better. If the task was not a very high one, it was yet one for which Mr. Disraeli's genius is peculiarly adapted. If his explanation was neither very lucid or very satisfactory, it was not intended nor was it necessary that it should be either. We must attempt, as best we can, to extract from this Irish mystery the intentions of Ministers with regard to their treatment of the Irish people. The first of the oracular utterances gives us, wrapped up indeed in an enormous amount of verbiage, but it still gives us, the announcement that the intentions of Government with regard to the Irish Reform Bill have been changed. Speaking of the position of affairs when Parliament reassembled after the recess he observed:—

"I may be permitted to say that the very first question before we met Parliament again which engaged the attention of the Cabinet was the question of Parliamentary Reform for Ireland with reference to existing circumstances, and the unanimous opinion was that it was not our duty to bring forward the measure of Parliamentary Reform that was due to Ireland and to themselves, for they could not, with the information they then possessed, and their general views of the position of what I may call the impending circumstances at that time, bring forward such a measure as they had originally intended."

Judging by anything that is before the public, this language is utterly incomprehensible. The Fenian outbreak took place in the beginning of March. Government were in full possession of all the information respecting it, when, in the end of April, the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself gave the positive pledge that the Irish Reform Bill should be introduced on the reassembling of the House. What has occurred in the interim to change his determination it is impossible even to surmise. But a far deeper significance may lie under these words. Is the purpose of the Government permanently changed? The natural import of the language is that it is so, and that the Irish Reform Bill, which is now positively promised next session, will fall short of the liberal intentions which Government originally entertained. Viewed in this light, the announcement is a very serious one. If the existence of discontent and disaffection in Ireland is to be made the ground of denying popular rights to that country, this is an undisguised return to the old and (we had hoped) exploded system of governing by force, and putting down discontent by coercion. No one who will really take the trouble of understanding the present electoral system of Ireland can ever expect the country to be free from disaffection while it continues. Whatever be the views, or even follies, of the mass of the people, let them find their expression in the House of Commons by the voice of representatives freely chosen by that people. So expressed, they become innocuous. They are dangerous when driven to find a channel of utterance in rebellious associations. It would not be too much, perhaps, to expect that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should say distinctly whether in the Bill to be introduced next session the Ministry intend to apply to Ireland the same popular principles which they profess at least to carry out in the English Reform Bill. A declaration upon this point is not the less necessary, since Mr. Disraeli tells us, speaking for himself and his colleagues,—“We have had an anxious and sincere desire to introduce a Bill which would give general satisfaction to all classes and parties in that country.” If no Reform Bill for Ireland is to be introduced until one is framed which will give satisfaction to all classes and parties in that country, we see no very near prospect of a redress of the grievance of the Irish electoral system. Any measure that will give any real electoral power to the people will never give satisfaction to the Orange party, upon whom the Ministers lean for support. Accomplished as he is in political legerdemain, Mr. Disraeli will hardly succeed in drawing a popular Reform Bill that will give satisfaction to Lord Enniskillen and Mr. Vance.

It was perhaps necessary to throw something of comic humour into the performance, and Mr. Disraeli contrived to find the occasion of it in a little gentle ridicule of the rather dull bigots whom Irish Orangeism sends to support him. A deputation of these gentlemen had waited upon him to request that no Irish Reform Bill should be brought in. Mr. Disraeli was peculiarly anxious to inform the House and the country that Ministers had not paid the slightest attention to their opinions. There was something really approaching to humour in the manner in which he quizzed these gentlemen to their faces—the unconscious subjects of his ridicule all the while believing that he was paying them the highest conceivable compliments. So agreeable had been their manners, so

fascinating their conversation, that it was only when they were gone that the mind of Mr. Disraeli "turned to the principal cause of their agreeable meeting, and then he remembered it was probably his fault that they had never touched upon the real subject." There is something exquisite in this description of an Irish deputation—something still more exquisite in the delicate but cool effrontery with which Mr. Disraeli caricatured the members of the deputation, who applauded him, imagining that they appreciated the joke. He told them the interview had not been a short one—and he took his wicked revenge for the merciless length at which they had bored him. How far this is a satisfactory mode of disposing of the rights of the Irish people is another question. It may, in our present condition of Parliamentary wit, be counted a very good joke to tell a number of Irish gentlemen that they are such boobies that when they come to discuss with the Minister a grave national question they indulged in a great deal of pleasant gossip, and went away without even adverting to the real subject at all. The only point of the joke, we need scarcely say, was the comical assurance with which Mr. Disraeli calculated on the stupidity of his friends. He must have known them well when he ventured on a quizzing at once so transparent and so cruel. But even this practical joke upon Orange dulness is a poor satisfaction to the people of Ireland for the denial of their rights. If Mr. Disraeli pokes fun at the deputation, the deputation, be it remembered, have had their way. The old proverb tells us that "he who wins may laugh." It is even more true that they who win may bear to be laughed at. The result is, that Ireland is left with that miserable electoral system which is really a burlesque upon popular representation. There is, to be sure, a promise of its reform as soon as a measure can be devised, *which will give general satisfaction to all classes and parties in the country*, including, of course, that very same liberal and enlightened faction, whose only principle of policy is that of excluding the great mass of the Irish people from the privileges of the constitution. We cannot say that the result of the discussion leaves the prospect of Irish Parliamentary Reform in a satisfactory condition. We still think that a great mistake has been made. It may be that the Irish people have shown very little anxiety on the subject of Reform. But this is just because they despair of any good from Parliament at all. It is no cause of congratulation that they are followers of James Stephens and not Mr. Bright. In giving them a real and not a mock system of popular representation there was the opportunity of recalling them to the paths of constitutional action. For the present, at least, that opportunity has been thrown away.

EARL RUSSELL'S CONFESSION.

THE welcome given to Mr. Lloyd Garrison in St. James's Hall, on Saturday last, was in many respects a remarkable occurrence. Not only did it take the form of a modest and graceful acknowledgment of Mr. Garrison's services in the cause of slave emancipation, but it also marked the close of an era in the history of the world. Mr. Garrison may be called the first and the last of American Abolitionists. Nearly forty years ago he began to wage war with the slave-holding power and prejudices of his native country; and through a long and painful struggle, in which he suffered imprisonment, proscription, vituperation, and calumny of the grossest kind, he has at length achieved victory. Doubtless strong moral forces were at work to help him; doubtless the inner conscience of the Republic had only to be touched to vibrate in unison with these impassioned appeals of his; and doubtless, also, the example and admonition of England were predisposing the American people towards this great effort at purification. But in so far as one man was capable of throwing into speech the better yearnings of his own countrymen after this prospective good, Lloyd Garrison did his utmost; and that utmost has borne rich fruit. "Not less than a generation," says the *Times*, at the close of one of those recantation articles which we are now accustomed to find in its columns, "will be needed to reorganize the labour system in the Southern States; and until this be done, it is somewhat premature to celebrate the final jubilee of Abolition." But what has the abolition of slavery got to do with the reorganization of labour? Should we have forbidden the Prussians to celebrate on Wednesday last the anniversary of the battle of Königgrätz, because the Hanoverians have not as yet accommodated themselves to the new order of things? The St. James's Hall assembly—representing the statesmanship, philosophy, and literature of England by such men as Mr. Mill, Mr. Bright, the Duke of Argyll, Earl Russell, Mr. Herbert

Spencer, Professor Maurice, and Professor Huxley—did not meet to consider the condition of the negro, but to mark and commemorate one of the victories of universal civilization. For our own part, we will confess to have regarded slave emancipation not so much in the interest of the blacks as in the interest of the whites. The future of America, as has often been said, is the future of the world; and rather than see this young and vigorous race hampered and deteriorated by the presence of the negroes, if such a result is to be feared, we should prefer to have the latter straightway shipped home again, to some such country as Morocco, where the indistinguishable cross-breeds between Saracen and native Moor would offer all varieties of semi-civilization to the more or less educated black of America. We do not mean to enter here upon the long-voiced question of the alleged intellectual inferiority of the negro race. On the one hand, it may be said that the negroes have never had a chance of civilizing themselves; and on the other, it may be said that, while the learning and sciences of the world arose in Egypt, they could find no reception among those neighbouring tribes which remain until this day in their primitive barbarism. It is enough for us to know that white men and black were alike cursed by the system of slavery, and to rejoice that we are no longer chargeable with the crime of perpetuating this gross and savage injustice.

Incidentally, this meeting was the means of obtaining from Earl Russell an exposition of his amended views on the relations between this country and America during the civil war. Confession of error is a virtue which we very rarely find a statesman inclined to exhibit, especially if that confession has to be made to a foreign country. Indeed, rather than listen to such an acknowledgment, we believe three-fourths of the English people would prefer to see their representative Minister commit himself to any quantity of diplomatic quibbling or dogmatic assertion of infallibility. There is no doubt that it is much easier for Lord Russell, now that he is not concerned in immediate official intercourse with America, to make the *amende honorable*, than if he were at the head of the Ministry; but, under whatever circumstances he was induced to take it, one cannot fail to admire and appreciate this manly and courteous step on the part of the veteran statesman. We have to accredit Mr. Adams with Earl Russell's conversion. During repeated conversions with that gentleman, Lord Russell became convinced that he had not done justice to President Lincoln; and he now acknowledges that Mr. Lincoln, having a work before him the difficulty of which was in no wise understood by the majority of the English people, did all that it was possible for him to do, and did that all wisely and successfully. His lordship pointed out that the task of abolishing slavery in the United States was a very different project from that which our own Wilberforce and Clarkson so courageously and powerfully advocated. The slavery in the West Indian islands was not "mixed up with our domestic institutions," and "involved in all our relations, political and social." Our cautious and deliberate payment of twenty millions sterling was a different proceeding from that sudden liberation of four millions of negroes which many people demanded from the American Government at the beginning of the war. Perhaps the best warning which history affords to those who would give themselves up to the prosecution of impetuous, crude, and impracticable reforms, is the life of Joseph II. of Austria, the son of Maria Theresa; and one of the many hasty and immature schemes by which he subsequently unsettled his whole empire was the sudden abolition of feudal vassalage, without any provision being made either for the owners of the serfs or for the serfs themselves. Mr. Lincoln was a shrewd and prudent politician, who issued his edict of emancipation when the time was ripe for it. "Emancipation," says the *Times*, in an article from which we have previously quoted, "was adopted tentatively as a military measure, and it is only by the light of subsequent events that we can discern the inevitable tendency of the whole movement towards that consummation." A more ridiculously untrue statement than that contained in the latter half of this sentence it would be difficult to put into as many words. What may be the capacity of discernment on the part of the *Times* we do not stay to consider; but that without the light of subsequent events the inevitable tendency of the movement was discerned by thousands of the best thinking minds in both countries is not only notorious, but has become a matter of public history. Again and again was it said, long before the war broke out, that this curse of slavery could be removed only in one way; and that, sooner or later, the country would have to purify itself through a baptism of blood; while, as soon as war was proclaimed, it was felt that the real question at issue was the removal of that stumbling-block in the path of American civilization, and it was confidently predicted, from a

thousand pulpits and by a thousand pens, that this and this only would be the "consummation" of the struggle. We can well understand how "a retrospective view of a great crisis" can reveal many strange things to a journal which, with wilful blindness, distorted and misrepresented every movement which led up to it; but now that the blind man professes to see clearly, he should not seek to cover his previous defect by saying that then all men wore opaque spectacles.

We have no doubt Earl Russell's words will be widely read and marked in America. Every one must hope that they may have a share in soothing an irritation which was at the time attributed in part to the tone of his lordship's despatches. That irritation, indeed, has, except amongst a certain rabid class of politicians, almost disappeared; and we sincerely trust that Lord Russell's apology may be taken in good part, and still further help to reconcile those differences which should never have been allowed to arise between two countries so closely knit together as England and America. The Duke of Argyll appropriately remarked that we should desire to have the friendship and affection of the American people, not only because America had sprung from us, but that she was springing from us now. Amongst the farming classes in Argyllshire, he said, one could scarcely go into a house without discovering that some one of the family or some near relative had gone to America; and added that these emigrants, in leaving England, should feel that they were going only to a second home. America, by an edict of emancipation, has entered upon a new era of progress, and we have a personal interest in watching the development of her glorious future. As for the blacks, who have been thrown upon their own resources, they have afforded them that chance which falls to the common lot of nations; while the climate, example, and association to be found in America are more fitted to awaken their capabilities than the conditions under which their African brethren labour. If, as persons afflicted with negrophobia insist, the negro must go down, we, at least, have not his fate upon our conscience. If he must disappear like the Red Indian and the ancient Celt, we need pass no act of expulsion against him. What was stipulated for by those who, long previous to the civil war, "discerned the inevitable tendency of the movement to be emancipation," was that this younger branch of the English race who had transferred their energies to the richest and healthiest continent in the world should not be paralyzed by the intolerable drag of slavery. If we are to recognise individual agents in a work which was ultimately accomplished by the strong moral sense of both countries, we shall find these in Mr. Garrison and his courageous associates.

OUR ROYAL LODGERS.

WHEN the Prince of Wales travelled in the East he was received by the Viceroy of Egypt with a respect and an attention worthy of what was due from one potentate to another. When the Viceroy intimates his intention of visiting us, the Government hire an inn for the purpose of discharging an obligation which was imperative on them, and putting new furniture into the apartments, and a couple of sentries at the door, they consider they have done all that courtesy and gratitude require. With regard to the latter magnificent appointment, the Viceroy might not have thought so much of it when he observed a similar honour paid to the theatres under her Majesty's patronage; and with regard to the furniture, of which the *Morning Herald* gives a glowing and beautiful description, we have no doubt but though it may be as fine as could be bought or borrowed for the occasion, it would not altogether remove the unpleasant feeling in his Highness's mind that we had been neither respectful nor artistic in our mode of lodging him. Why did not the Prince of Wales show some interest in the matter? He might have found an opportunity of returning the splendid welcome with which he was met, by at least a show of solicitude for his former host. As for the Government blundering in the whole business, it is only comprehensible on one ground. It is only partly their affair. Neither the House of Commons nor the House of Lords can fill the place of the Queen in such a situation. Lord Stanley told Mr. Roebuck that "he was not a master of the palaces, to dispose of them as he pleased," and he was consequently compelled to fall back on any resource he could. The "officers of ceremony," as Sir Edward Cust describes them, have left, according to the same authority, their duties undischarged, and have in no instance stirred to relieve the Government from an onerous duty. But the Foreign Office is busy. The Foreign Office is not usually distressed with work, and is looked upon as an agreeable retirement in which gentlemen are thoroughly well paid for doing as little as

possible. At present, however, it appears they have woke up, and are despatching tickets to their friends, to ambassadors and envoys, for the sights with which we are to treat our visitors. Sir Edward Cust is in high dudgeon with this invasion of his privileges. As "Her Majesty's Master of Ceremonies," he feels wronged and slighted by such proceedings. "While, therefore," he finely says, "we are paid for duties which we are not permitted to perform at all, the Foreign Office on these occasions lay aside unnecessarily the duties they are paid to perform in order to execute others that belong to another institution and calling." Might not Sir Edward Cust, who finds it such a hardship to be relieved of the work for which he is paid, turn his attention to work, for which he certainly is better fitted, if his office is an indication of his quality, than Lord Stanley. Lord Stanley is but a poor hand at a programme of ceremonies. Nothing could be more miserable and meagre than the mode of reception he sketched out for the Viceroy. "Claridge's Hotel" and "two sentries at the door" was the best he could devise. The two sentries were evidently looked upon as strokes of genius. Given two sentries and the free run of Claridge's Hotel, with a day at Windsor—and what more could the Viceroy want? The lodgings in Brook-street once before held the King and Queen of the Belgians. We sent them there, and finding it convenient and economical to do so, we wish to establish the precedent.

The *Morning Herald* does the literature of Claridge's Hotel in the style of George Robins and Jenkins combined. There are exquisite touches which remind one of the famous hanging gardens of the great auctioneer. We are informed that "the great Pasha Mohammed Ali lodged there at the time of his visit to England." What follows is worthy of Moore. "Myriads of flowers will delight the eyes, and the pleasant plashing of a fountain will soothe the ear." It is a pity that this paradise in Brook-street should, after all, not be used. Lord Dudley has come forward to offer his mansion for the use of the Viceroy, and the offer has been accepted. But the question involved in this transaction is not of Claridge's Hotel or its decorators, but of the extraordinary neglect, bad taste, and silliness shown by the nation as the nation is represented. As if to confound ourselves utterly, and to render our stupidity more patent by contrast, we found room for the Sultan, who, although friendly with us (and rather an expensive friend he has been), has still not one half the personal claims on our esteem which the Viceroy of Egypt possesses. We cannot, for our own sakes, show too much hospitality to the Sultan, and upon that side those who are to take it in hand are not likely to err; but that we were about to perpetrate a singular mistake with reference to a useful and sincere ally, there cannot be a doubt when we would thrust Ismail Pasha into an hotel. The excuse about want of accommodation is absurd. "Where there's a will there's a way," and in this case the will, though it has shown itself tardily, might still be brought to find a path out of the difficulty. The hotel notion was disgraceful. We have our guests coming from the superb fêtes of Paris, which, if we cannot imitate or approach, we should at least compensate for in a measure by exhibiting towards those distinguished visitors a substantial deference and attention. Ismail Pasha has not the burgher sentiments of a Belgian monarch. He is accustomed to ceremony and circumstance. When he begins to learn that we intended to have placed him in a caravanserai, under the roof of which any bagman who can afford it may swagger; when he finds out that we have empty palaces which might have been put at his disposal, he is likely not only to believe that we are mean, but that we are boorish and insulting. Ismail Pasha has it in his power to do us more service than any duke or grandduke in Germany. His alliance is incomparably of greater use to us than the privilege which we have arrogated of propping up a worthless though picturesque institution in the East. We ought to derive a lesson from the dilemma in which we found ourselves, and take care that in future a proper provision is made for receiving distinguished foreign visitors. Hampton Court might be made available for such a purpose. St. James's and Buckingham Palace would afford ample space for accommodation. If we permit the Emperor to beat us in art, in design, in machinery at the Exhibition, we need not leave ourselves open to the reproach of being at once cold and inhospitable at home as well as inefficient abroad. We have, it must be confessed, no talent whatever for organizing a holiday, and the prospectuses of amusements for the Viceroy and Sultan issued by some of the comic papers are not unlikely to be less absurd than the real performances. Claridge's Hotel is an improvement on the "Sablonniere," as proposed in the *Tomahawk*, for the Sultan,

but there is not much difference between offering a free ticket for the Jermyn-street Baths to the Turk than offering a couple of floors and an eleemosynary livelihood to Ismail Pasha. If necessary, we should build a palace for the reception of visitors. The money spent on the Hall of Arts and Sciences would be more sensibly devoted to such a purpose. But there is no occasion for such an expense. We have house room enough for a dozen monarchs if the Queen would interest herself about matters of state and ceremony.

MR. GLADSTONE UPON THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

THE first impression made by reading Mr. Gladstone's speech at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund upon most writers' minds, would probably be a wish to reproduce it. Nothing that they could say would add either to the thought or the manner of its setting. The second impression, on a further reading, would be that the speech is too flattering. The Irish toast of "our noble selves," and the proverb about "self-praise," come uppermost to our minds. We may be pardoned, therefore, if we turn rather to the author of the speech, and more particularly to that portion of the press, of which he is emphatically the founder. First of all, then, let us notice by whom the praises of the press are on this occasion sung. Mr. Gladstone is popularly supposed to be singularly susceptible of criticism. Criticism is supposed to immediately bring him up to "agony" point. Upon this principle the present Ministerial benches have for the last three or four years acted; upon this principle have the Tory papers written. Upon this principle has the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoken in the Reform debates during the present session. Nothing which could possibly exacerbate Mr. Gladstone has been left undone, unsaid, or unwritten. Here was supposed to be his weak point. His weakness was the Tories' opportunity. For want of novelty their writers made up by reiteration. Theirs was the song of the prizefighters,—

"The taunt our opponent surely annoys,
Why should we not say it again?"

This is the dithyramb which they still sing morning, noon, and night. Mr. Gladstone's words, therefore, upon one of the functions of the newspaper press are particularly valuable. No one who has been before the public, either as a statesman or an author, can have escaped censure in some form or another. The man who has no enemies is generally a fool. The higher we rise, too, the more our imperfections are noted. Men praise their inferiors, but criticise their superiors. After vanity, which means praise of ourselves, envy, or dispraise of others, is the most common vice in human nature. Envy is only vanity turned inside out. Right or wrong, for censure we must be prepared. The Tory papers censure us when we are right, the Liberal when we are wrong. Such at least a philosopher, when reading the criticisms upon all the great measures which have benefited our country, might be tempted to say. But whether this be so or not, all those who have had any experience will certainly join Mr. Gladstone in saying with regard to newspapers, "I think that their encouragements and encomiums are of very great value, but I for one set far higher value upon their criticisms, and upon their censures, for no man is ever injured by criticism or by censure." As has been well said, no author is written down except by himself, so, too, no public man is overthrown except by himself. Unjust criticism can do no harm. It is like a lie, which hurts nobody but its own author. If a man is in the right, he will conquer criticism, and make his foes his followers. If he is wrong he will be overthrown, be criticism ever so strong in his favour. This was the subject of Mr. Mill's remarkable speech on the very same day at the breakfast to Mr. Lloyd Garrison—a speech, by the way, which was most imperfectly reported by at least one of our daily contemporaries.

We will now turn to two points of Mr. Gladstone's speech, first, as to the position of the writers of the newspaper press, and secondly, and what is far more important too, the general influence of newspapers. Upon the first point Mr. Gladstone most briefly touches, and, we think, wisely: whether or not, "we" of the newspapers are entitled not less than others to the name and dignity of a profession. It is an old question, which was discussed nearly ten years ago by Mr. Beresford Hope in the "Cambridge Essays." For our own part, we should as soon think of discussing the question whether a poet was entitled to the name and dignity of a profession. Montalbert, we think, once described himself in the census as a "schoolmaster;" and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer as a member of the Fourth Estate. This is so far good as it

goes, but Leading Article Writer or Professional Critic on a man's door-plate or on his card would, we think, be slightly incongruous.

With regard to the influence of newspapers, no person will deny it any more than that of railways. Cobden went so far as to say that he considered a single number of a daily paper more valuable than the whole of Thucydides. And to a certain extent he was right. The newspaper and the railway have been our greatest educators. Further, the press, like travelling, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, is "no longer the privilege of the educated class, but the patrimony of the people." And for this we are mainly indebted to Mr. Gladstone himself. It was he really who gave us the cheap press. And on such an occasion as this we may fairly take the opportunity of saying a few words for our cheaper daily contemporaries, both in London and in the country, without incurring the suspicion of singing our own praises. All those who took an interest in the establishment of a daily penny press will remember with a smile the opposition of the *Times*. According to that journal, the whole newspaper press would be demoralized. The demoralization has certainly not been on the side of the penny papers. Their sale is larger, their news often earlier, and their reports often fuller, as in the case of Mr. Mill's speech, which we have before mentioned, than that of their older and higher-priced contemporary. It is upon them that the public at large depends both for its news and its guidance. The cheap press, in fact, is the school of the multitude. Its power is felt in every village where there is a post-office. Every day the number of its readers is increasing. Every child in a village school, who is learning the alphabet, will one day be its pupil. By it the Future is being moulded. It is, in fact, not the Fourth Estate, but becoming the State itself. As has been said of trade, the cheap press is "a new agent in the world. It displaces physical strength; and installs computation, combination, and science in its room." And its power is only just beginning to be acknowledged. Not a grievance now can be felt without finding a champion in the press. Not a wrong can be committed without its being echoed through the breadth and length of the land. The cheap press, with its thousands of readers, calls out new forces, and proclaims the gospel of moral power. New thoughts, new things. The cheap press is now the Court of Appeal for the poor. When Arnold of Rugby saw the first locomotive, he cried, "Farewell to feudality!" Could he have seen the cheap press as it exists now, scattered abroad not merely in mechanics' institutes, but read by the side of the loom, in the workshop, in the mine, and even in that most benighted place of all, a labourer's cottage, he would have seen a still greater revolution. As far as information goes, the labourer is put by the penny press on an equal footing with the nobleman. There is not a question of the day which is not there examined and commented upon with an ability which even opponents acknowledge. But besides being the mere secular school of the multitude, the cheap press is fast becoming its church. It is fast taking the religious teaching out of the hands of the orthodox authorities. "Ritualism," "Essays and Reviews," and Colenso are there discussed with a frankness which would shock the habitual readers of the *Record* or the *Guardian*. Stop the progress of the cheap press we cannot. But it is well to notice tendencies. It is well, too, with Mr. Gladstone, to notice both its ability and its power.

But the press has its shortcomings. And even at the risk of being the skeleton at the feast, we wish that Mr. Gladstone, instead of singing the praises of the press, had dwelt upon its shortcomings; for shortcomings it has many. He has, however, dwelt upon one great fault, which is that of the reader. The public is too apt to pin its faith on some particular paper. We may at once know what a man is—Whig, Radical, or Tory—by the paper he reads. Few readers, nowadays, take the trouble to form an independent judgment. Their thought is coloured by the paper which they take in. Should they by chance read another journal, they become puzzled, and, like the old justice, declare they never again will hear both sides of the question. Unfortunately, too many writers deal with a subject as a barrister with his brief. No one who studied either the daily or weekly papers at the time when the civil war in America or the Jamaica question were being discussed, could fail to see their violent partisanship. It would be ungracious, perhaps, just now to enlarge upon this, or to discuss other shortcomings—how often papers pander to the public taste; how, as in France, press literature is not a *culte* but an *métier*, the power of literary cliques, the favouritism, and the petty jealousies, both in politics and literature, which are so manifest in even the highest class of journals. The remedy rests with the public. As Mr. Gladstone well says, "the

interests of the public at large are essentially bound up with those of the press." The press and the people naturally react upon one another. The higher the requirements of the people become, the higher will be the standard of journalism. And if Mr. Gladstone's speech were remarkable for nothing else, it is for the promise which he gives us that the great question of education shall not be neglected in future Parliaments. When the people are better educated, then will the press, too, have greater influence—then will it be truly able to bring the people and the Government into new relations—then it will be truly able, as should always be its aim, to elevate the whole nation into higher spheres of thought.

"CHECK TO YOUR BISHOP."

THE courtesies of a game of chess do not ordinarily require of a player that he should give notice to his antagonist if any piece of less dignity than that of king or queen has been placed in a position of peril. But when the game is being played seriously, on the chequered board of Church and State, with such a question at stake as this, Whether the national Church Establishment be essentially Protestant or not so, the pieces which wear mitres on their heads become naturally of prominent importance. Their stealthy diagonal movements tell largely on the ultimate issue. And the lookers on, who often derive more pleasure from a chess tournament than those who are called the players, will not therefore have been much surprised if one of the latter, on a recent occasion, has been heard to utter words which, whether dictated by courtesy or the expression of anticipated triumph, sounded very much like, "Check to your bishop." The first move was made by the antagonist or anti-Protestant party.

A presbyter of some standing and of blameless character, named Ackworth, was inhibited from preaching by the Bishop of Oxford; no cause being assigned for the inhibition. Not but that there was a cause assignable; one which Mr. Ackworth and his friends persist in taking for the true one, though the Bishop denies the imputation. Mr. Ackworth, it seems, had been much scandalized by certain Romanizing practices in the diocese of Oxford, in which he happened to be residing, unbeneficed, but occasionally officiating, not without the privity and sanction of the diocesan. Being himself a sound Protestant, and being cognisant of the Bishop's loudly-proclaimed anxiety to steer clear of all complicity with Romanism, he, in the simplicity of his heart, made a formal report to his lordship of these Papistical proceedings in the diocese. As to thanks for his diligence and zeal he simply got none. But, by a singular coincidence in point of time, he was straightway and peremptorily inhibited from preaching within the diocese of Oxford. On respectfully demanding the Bishop's grounds for thus inhibiting him, he was assured that, despite of appearances, it was not by way of penance for his officiousness in constraining his diocesan to see that which was no secret to any other human being. But whether it was for any other reason, or for none at all, his lordship did not vouchsafe to explain. "Sic volo, sic jubeo," is held to be ample ground for an episcopal inhibition. Mr. Ackworth next tried his hand at preaching in Exeter, where he seems to have been well known and much esteemed. But the fact that he had been inhibited in the diocese of Oxford, though without offence, either alleged or proved against him, was enough to draw down on his devoted head a similar inhibition from the diocesan of Exeter; who, like Bunyan's celebrated Giant Pope, though aged, is still able to bite, on due occasions, with a touch of the vigour for which he was noted in his youth. Mr. Ackworth got such poor comfort as he could under the circumstances, from an indignation meeting held at Exeter to condole with him, not altogether conducted in the best of taste, but indicating pretty plainly that the Protestant feeling in the diocese and city of Exeter is anything but extinct.

Thus far, however, the game seemed to be going rather against the pro-Protestant party, in this little byeplay of the bishops, and in the success of their moves against a sturdy troublesome pawn of their opponents. But, according to the vulgar proverb, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. And inhibition is a weapon of offence which a bishop glorying in the name of Protestant can use with no less summary effect than those who eschew that honourable appellation. So whilst S. Oxon and H. Exon may be supposed to have been chuckling over the success of their inhibition gambit, the lookers on see a similar movement proceeding from the opposite party, and effectively directed, not against a simple presbyter unbeneficed, but against one who, in a certain sense, is a bishop, every inch of him. The facts are curious. The

Nemesis was remarkable. The amusement of the public has been considerable. And the bearing of these incidents on the grave questions now agitating all England renders them well worth a few moments' attention. The facts were, that a certain Rev. T. B. Morrell, D.D., a *bonâ-fide* presbyter of the Church of England, and officiating in the Nonconformist Episcopal community of Scotland, in virtue of such authority as that most respectable sect of voluntaries undertakes to impart, as the Right Rev. the Bishop-Coadjutor of Edinburgh, happened to preach in the diocese of Durham; and in an evil hour for his own piece of mind and episcopal dignity, he was led to use the Romish method of prefacing his sermon by an invocation of the Trinity, instead of one of the customary collects. One method may in itself be as appropriate as the other. But, as every one is aware, the latter has been for centuries the established rule in our Protestant pulpits; whereas, the other was only to be met with in those of Rome. Here, then, was a veritable godsend to the anti-Romanist Bishop of Durham. His lordship, whose claim to his territorial title is legal and constitutional, straightway despatches an explicit missive, addressed "to the Right Rev. Dr. Morrell," ignoring in this superscription the title savouring of the voluntary system; and, frankly assigning a reason for his authoritative act, he inhibits his right rev. brother from preaching in the diocese of Durham. It must be acknowledged that by this well-delivered blow his lordship returned with interest that which seemed to have fallen heavily, to the damage of his side, in the case of Mr. Ackworth. Check to a pawn is hardly worth saying; but, in ecclesiastical chess-playing, to be able to say, "Check to your bishop," is a notable achievement.

We are really sorry for the Bishop-Coadjutor of Edinburgh. And we will not withhold from him a title, to which he has quite as good a claim as Dr. Manning has to that of Archbishop of Westminster. He is said to be an amiable and worthy man, with considerable preaching powers, and to have been popular in his English parish church before he donned his Scottish lawn sleeves. But it is a curious coincidence that his benefice was that of Henley-upon-Thames, in the patronage of the diocesan of Oxford. It is also to be noted that the Bishop of Oxford was largely instrumental in obtaining an Act of Parliament lately passed, for enabling clergymen ordained by Scottish bishops to hold English preferments. And so it has come to pass that the selfsame individual who commenced this inhibition movement has been foiled with his own weapons, in the person of one whom, whether as an English incumbent or as a Scotch bishop, he must be understood to regard highly, both as a valued friend and as an attached disciple. What may be the next move, and who may make it, is not easy to say. If but one real English bishop were inhibited by another, the sensation in ecclesiastical circles would be of the most thrilling character. But, however absurd this form of theological warfare may seem in many points of view, it wears a very grave aspect in others. And amongst the important questions which it suggests are these: Is it right to intrust any man with authority altogether irresponsible? Ought any one, in an office of a judicial character, to be empowered to inflict any penalty, or to impose any disability on another, not only without putting him on his defence, but without so much as a hint as to the nature of the offence for which he is condemned? Even Popes do not launch their thunders from the Vatican without cause, such as it is, assigned. Not to mention the Bulls of past generations, the celebrated Encyclical of modern times fairly set forth its specific charges against the spirit of the nineteenth century before proceeding to exorcise it. And now that my lords the bishops have called public attention to this subject, we trust that the Legislature will take the hint, and will speedily put an end to all absolutely autocratic jurisdiction in the Church no less than in the State. No doubt it is desirable that our Church rulers should be authorized to stop irregular ministrations in their dioceses. But then irregularity presupposes a settled rule. An executive authority independent of all law, a judicial authority competent to pronounce sentence without indictment, or trial, or conviction, and that a sentence against which there is no appeal, these are anomalies no longer to be tolerated. As matters now stand, it would seem not impossible that during the ebullition of party strife one half of our bishops and clergy might be inhibited from ministering in a certain portion of our dioceses, and the other half in the other portion. It is but for a bishop to say the words, "Thou shalt not preach," and there would be an end of the matter. But scandalous as such an issue would be in the sight of all beholders, and much as we should deprecate such a desecration of Church authority for the purposes of polemical warfare, we are, above all, concerned to insist on the urgent necessity of putting a stop to the exercise of any such prerogative,

except under the salutary checks of liability to assign a legitimate ground for using it, and of opportunity fairly afforded for disproving the offence alleged.

MARTIAL LAW.

WE are not surprised that Major O'Reilly should have thought it his duty to invite the attention of the House of Commons to the subject of martial law. Although the charge of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has, in our opinion, cleared up the doubts which previously existed as to the power of the Crown or of colonial governors to suspend the ordinary laws of the land and to substitute for them the sway of mere arbitrary will, that charge after all only embodies the opinion of a single judge; and the very fact that in some quarters a disposition to question the doctrines which it lays down has been manifested, does certainly seem to render it necessary that the rights of Englishmen should be defined and their liberties protected by a solemn declaration of the Legislature. That is at any rate the view of the Lord Chief Justice, who to this extent endorses the presentment of the grand jury at the Central Criminal Court, recommending that martial law should be more clearly defined by enactment. To Englishmen living in England this may seem, and no doubt it is, a matter of no great importance; but, as the member for Longford truly said, although to us martial law is a vague tradition of the past, it has been to Irishmen almost within the time of living memory a bloody and a cruel reality, and even within recent years its application to the sister country has been clamoured for by men who ought to have known better. It is a disagreeable fact, that so lately as the 11th March last, an Irish county member was found asking, in a rather complaining tone, whether the Government did not intend to protect his country against the Fenians by the declaration of martial law; and although the answer was in the negative, it was so far unsatisfactory that it implied on the part of the Government a belief that they had the power to take this step if they thought it advisable to do so. The same implication is also made in the recitals of more than one Act of Parliament; and although, of course, such recitals have no enacting force, they do undoubtedly tend to throw a certain amount of haziness about the subject. If the Lord Chief Justice be right, the Government do not possess the power in question; but if they do, then we have no hesitation in saying that they should be forthwith deprived of it. To the resolution of Major O'Reilly there was however, this fatal objection, that it purported to do, by the vote of the House of Commons, that which can only be effected by the authority of Parliament; it was, in short, either wrong or futile. But that objection does not apply to a declaratory act; and we trust that either in the present or in the next session of Parliament such a measure may be introduced.

As the necessity for an act of this kind is disputed, it may be worth while to notice very briefly the two theories which are maintained in regard to martial law. It is said, on the one hand, that there is inherent in the Crown a power to take care—*ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*—that in case of insurrection, either actual or threatened, the Crown may, in virtue of its prerogative, suspend the ordinary law, and may not only shoot down or otherwise put to death insurgents actually encountered in the field, but may set up exceptional tribunals for their trial, may punish them indeed without any trial at all, and may, in fact, deal with them during the time that the proclamation of martial law is in force exactly at its own will and pleasure, or at the will and pleasure of the officers who are placed in command. This theory, of course, distinctly implies the existence of something called Martial law as applied to civilians; and it dignifies with the name of law that which is in fact no law at all; and it gives a certain recognition as a part of our political system to a power—held in reserve, but nevertheless always ready to be called into action—which was described in the Duke of Wellington's well-known dictum as "neither more nor less than the will of the general who commands the army." On the other hand, the Lord Chief Justice and those who agree with him deny that there is any such thing known to the law of England as martial law in reference to civilians. They assert that that which goes by the name of martial law, so far as civilians are concerned, is neither more nor less than "the application of a universal principle, namely, that when illegal force is resorted to for the purpose of crime, you may meet that illegal force by force, and may repress and prevent it by any amount of force that may be necessary, even if that necessity should involve the death of the offender." This, however, they contend, to quote again from the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, cannot properly be called martial law. "It is part and parcel of the law of England—or perhaps I should say

it is a right paramount to all law, and which the law of every civilized country recognizes—that life may be protected or crime prevented by the immediate application of any amount of force that may be necessary." The nature of the power as thus defined limits its application; it can only be exerted for the repression of crime and not for its punishment. If a rebel is not at once shot down, he must be handed over to the ordinary tribunals if they are sitting; and if they are not, then those in whose power he is, may no doubt deal with him as justice and the necessity of the case may require. For their acts they will, however, unless subsequently indemnified by Act of Parliament, be responsible, according to the ordinary law of the country, to the courts of law, so soon as those courts again sit and the ascendancy of the law is once more restored.

It is evident that these theories are at variance on two points. The one is as to the right of the Crown to establish exceptional courts for the trial of prisoners; and to punish as well as to repress by the exercise of an arbitrary power. The other is as to the foundation of the power—call it by what name you will—under which rebels and public enemies may be encountered by any means that may be necessary to defeat their enterprise. On the one side this power is rested upon necessity and on the other upon prerogative. Now it may be said that the difference is so far merely a question of a name, and that it does not affect the substance of the thing. But practically there is, in a case of this kind, a good deal in a name. People are very much more likely to act with caution and forbearance in the exercise of a power which is avowedly subordinate to the regular law, than in the exercise of one which purports to be above the regular law. And even if this point were less material than it is, there still remains the question as to the right of the Crown on proclaiming martial law to erect tribunals for the trial of prisoners. On this point no doubt should be suffered to rest. According to the Lord Chief Justice, there is, indeed, no such doubt now. In his opinion, although courts-martial may sit and try prisoners in case of absolute necessity, their members will be liable for their acts to the courts of law, just in the same way and to the same extent as any other knot of individuals who may take upon themselves to hang or imprison a man. The act may or may not be justifiable in either case; and in both its legality must be tested by the same rules. That is certainly the rule which ought to prevail, for it is the only one which is consistent with a proper administration of justice; while it will not, we are persuaded, be found inconsistent with the rigorous suppression of any insurrectionary movement. It is only under very exceptional circumstances that it can be requisite to resort to courts-martial for the trial of prisoners; and in that case we are certain that neither the Executive nor the officers engaged would hesitate to take such measures as were necessary, in full and safe reliance on the indemnity which Parliament would not be slow to grant them.

What we desire to see, therefore, is not, as some persons seem to wish, an Act defining the circumstances under which martial law may be proclaimed, the powers which may be exercised under it, and the manner in which they may be put in force. Such a law would be utterly mischievous, if it were not useless. If men are to do under it nothing more than they are justified in doing at present by the law of necessity, then it is not required. If, on the other hand, they are to do more, then we must protest against the Crown being intrusted, as part of its regular functions, with the right, even in the case of emergency, to suspend the common law and supersede the established tribunals of the land. Let such a power be granted, in however guarded a manner, and there will in all cases of difficulty be a temptation and a tendency to recur to it. There can, indeed, be little doubt that the existence of an Act of the Jamaica Legislature empowering the Governor to proclaim martial law, had a great deal to do with the errors which Mr. Eyre committed; and Lord Carnarvon showed no more than a proper appreciation of the danger of allowing such a power to exist on the Statute-book when he directed the governors of our West-Indian colonies to procure the repeal of all the Acts which confer it. The true course is, as we have already said, to declare explicitly that no power to proclaim martial law exists; and to leave the Executive and its officers to deal, on their responsibility, with any emergency that may arise. The only plausible objection to such an Act that we have met with is the one taken by Mr. Hardy. He argues that, if military force is to be employed, it is fair to announce to those against whom it is directed that the ordinary course of law is about to be suspended. But, in the first place, it is not the fact that the ordinary course of law is suspended by shooting rebels engaged in rebellion; in the next place, if military force is employed

solely in putting down people of this kind where so engaged, we do not see that we are at all called upon to give them any notice of the kind; and in the third place, if it be thought requisite to give rebels warning that they may expect to be visited with the natural consequences of their acts, this may be done without either suspending the ordinary law or giving an impression that some operation of the kind is about to be performed. An Act to the effect of Major O'Reilly's resolutions could do no harm; and considering the strange doctrines which have recently been propounded on this subject by those who ought to know better, we are inclined to think that it would be attended with some, and that not inconsiderable, advantage.

OUR EASTERN MAILS.

We are indebted to Sir Cusack Roney for a very interesting exposition of the present mode of conveying our mails to the East by the two routes, *viâ* Southampton and Marseilles, and the advantages which will be gained to the public when they are conveyed almost wholly by Brindisi. All of our readers may not be aware that the Government contemplates the adoption of Brindisi as an alternative route with that between Marseilles and Alexandria. For this purpose it has given the Peninsular and Oriental Company notice for the termination of its Mediterranean contracts by the end of January next, and has invited tenders for the conveyance of her Majesty's mails between Southampton and Alexandria, Marseilles and Alexandria, and Brindisi and Alexandria. There is nothing to official minds like doing things by halves, and making a timid approach from a bad system to a better, when the transit could be performed at once. Sir Cusack Roney is not fettered with red tape. He has been accustomed to give his faculties free play, and when he has tested a plan and found it good, to adopt it. So in the pamphlet before us, he shows how much we should gain if the Government would adopt the Brindisi route, not as an alternative with one of the existing routes, but as a substitute for both, some work being still left for Southampton to perform, as a second-class route between London and the East. We have carefully considered his proposal, and as it does not involve any sentimental considerations, but is a matter of plain sailing in arithmetical regions, we can say that the arguments in favour of his proposal are justified at every step. Nothing can be clearer than that Brindisi offers our mails advantages which neither of the existing routes possess; and Sir Cusack reminds us of the old coaching maxim that, "wherever the mails go passengers will follow." The route that is good for our letters is good for ourselves. Two interests will probably aid the proverbial torpor of red tape in postponing the benefits we should derive from the Brindisi route. The French Post Office, instigated by the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway Company, will stand up for Marseilles—very naturally. Marseilles has profited very largely by being the point of departure to Alexandria for our light mails, and would look with jealous eyes on the transfer of its prosperity to an Italian port. "It is impossible," writes Sir Cusack, "to contemplate the extent and importance to which it [Brindisi] would hasten, with giant's steps, if such an event were to happen [if it were to become the terminal European port for all the Eastern postal and passenger traffic]; and, over-sanguine as may now appear the assertion, it is nevertheless almost certain that, with Brindisi as the terminable European port, its inhabitants would, in a very few years, see a magnificent first-class steamer leave the port for Alexandria, with its full cargo of passengers, mails, and a certain proportion of specie and light goods, six days in every week; and there would be precisely the same number in the same time carried from Alexandria to Europe"—that is, to Brindisi.

Italy would benefit beyond calculation by such an arrangement. English commerce with the East is now three times as great as it was five years ago, and twenty times as great as it was fifty years ago. Our imports from the East were in 1865 more than one-fourth of the total value of our imports; and we exported thither more than one-fourth of the total value of our exports. In 1864 the number of boxes containing the mails sent out to the East was 16,559. In 1865 it was 17,839. During the first three months of the present year the number was 6,288, or at the rate of 25,152 boxes per annum. Going back to 1850 we find that the number of boxes sent out in that year was only 3,192. All experience justifies us in expecting still greater increase with the increase of facilities. At present we despatch what are called our heavy mails *viâ* Southampton. They reach Alexandria in from thirteen to fourteen days. The light mails are despatched *viâ* Marseilles, and meet the heavy

mails at Alexandria. They reach their destination in about eight days. There is thus a difference of from six and a half to seven and a half days between the light and the heavy mails, and letters by the latter have to be despatched by so much earlier than those by the light mails. But when Brindisi is chosen as an alternative route with Marseilles, this inconvenience will be considerably aggravated; for the despatch by Brindisi will arrive at Alexandria thirty-nine hours and a half sooner than that by Marseilles; so that letters sent *viâ* Southampton to meet those sent *viâ* Brindisi must be despatched from eight to nine days in advance of those despatched by the Italian route. This is what our Government proposes, in the half-measure fashion so dear to the British official mind. It will give just enough to make us hunger for more, and does not appear to have been roused into consciousness of its error by what its own Post Office could tell it is a most significant fact. Hitherto the French Post Office, with a pertinacity which the Emperor himself, on the special occasion of the Paris Exhibition of 1855, could hardly influence, has refused to lower the rates it charges the British Post Office on all Eastern letters. No expostulations could induce them to budge from their tenpence per ounce net. But the prospect of a diversion of our mails into another channel, and their knowledge of the advantages of the new channel, have had their effect; and, at the latter end of last year, the French Postal authorities intimated their willingness to reduce the transit rate to one half, provided that the fast mails continue to be conveyed *viâ* Marseilles, and that they be not deviated to Brindisi. This fact speaks volumes. It is true that about the same time the Marquis de Moustier forwarded to Lord Cowley a memorandum from the French Post Office stating that the saving of time by the Brindisi route would be only ten hours as regards the outward mails, and none at all for the inward. But this document, amongst other oversights, neglected to take into account the completion of the railway between Ancona and Brindisi, a distance of 356 miles. The true state of the matter will be found in the following table:—

LONDON TO ALEXANDRIA VIA	LAND.	WATER.	TOTAL.	TIME. D. H.
Southampton	78	3353	3431	15 0
Marseilles	850	1701	2551	8 1
Brindisi, fast mails.....	1482	977	2459	6 7
" heavy mails.....				7 19

Sir Cusack Roney proposes that both light and heavy mails should be despatched by Brindisi. At present we pay the French Post Office £37,500 a year for the conveyance of our light mails over the French railways. If we add £23,500 for the conveyance of our heavy mails, we shall recoup the French Post Office the total charge they pay for the conveyance of their own mails throughout the empire—£60,000. Surely they should be satisfied with such an arrangement. But if they refuse to accept it we shall have only to wait two years to possess another route to Brindisi, *viâ* the Simplon (only 218 longer than the route through France), over which the French Post Office will have no control. The upshot is—that before very long Brindisi will become the terminal European port for all the Eastern postal and passenger traffic. And when we consider what that traffic will be whenever the system of Indian railways is completed, the result to Italy cannot but be of immense advantage. There is now only a gap of 225 miles in the railways between Bombay and Calcutta. As soon as this gap has been filled up, and the Brindisi route adopted, the transit of the mails between London and Calcutta, which now occupies thirty-four days *viâ* Marseilles, will be reduced to twenty-three days and a half, with the certainty of a further reduction of two days if the speed of the steamers is increased two knots an hour between Brindisi and Alexandria, and one knot an hour between Suez and Bombay. This opens a brilliant future for ourselves and for the young Italian kingdom, and we believe with Sir Cusack Roney, that it may be realized without any diminution of the utility or the prosperity of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS.

On Monday last, what in reporters' language is called "a numerous and influential deputation" waited upon Sir John Pakington, in order to urge upon the Government, through that very bewildered Minister, the removal of the Knightsbridge Barracks, and the necessity of "locating" the regiment of Household Cavalry inhabiting those buildings in another

part than where they now are. A body of gentlemen, including the Earl of Grosvenor, Lord A. Churchhill, Lord W. Compton, Sir A. Stirling, Sir W. Muswell, Mr. Gore Langton, Mr. Lowe, and others less known to the world at large, could hardly fail to be met with great courtesy, even by an English Secretary of War; and so far as politeness went, the deputation had nothing to complain of. The counsel for the plaintiffs was the right honourable member for Calne, and there can be no doubt that he did both his clients and his brief every justice. To the inhabitants of Knightsbridge and its immediate vicinity these barracks are no doubt a very great nuisance. It is not pleasant to have the price of property which would otherwise increase greatly in value, kept down on account of buildings that are neither useful nor ornamental, inhabited by a number of idle soldiers, and around which a yearly increasing population of not the most respectable people in London has gathered. The inhabitant of a house at Albert, Rutland, or Prince's Gate is supposed to be a man worth money. In these days money and respectability go hand in hand; and why should a respectable man have daily, on his way homewards, to pass by music-halls, noisy taverns, and other places where soldiers most do congregate? Then, again, there is the female servant part of the question. A cavalry barrack is seldom surrounded with a moral atmosphere. Life Guardsmen are given to flirtations which are seldom altogether Platonic, and tales the reverse of correct are apt to reach the young ladies' school-room from the servants' hall. In these days of universal fastness and general inquiry into matters holy and unholy, this evil may, perhaps, not be so great as it would have been twenty years ago; still, the kind of knowledge it entails is not the less annoying to paterfamilias, whose ideas upon the subject are not those of the rising generation. But more palpable still is the obstacle which the buildings and their following present to anything like improvement of this great approach to the west-end of London. From the old church at Kensington all the way east to Rutland Gate, respectability and magnificence jostle each other in the character of the houses—or mansions, as most of them are very properly called—which line the road. But as we get nearer to what is still designated "town," an oasis of disreputableness has to be passed through. On the left is the long line of ugly buildings called the barracks; on the right music-saloons, taverns, cheap eating-houses, and a host of small dirty shops have to be passed. Why not do away with all this? Remove the barracks, and numerous stately buildings will arise in their place, and then from Somerset House in the East, away to Hammersmith Bridge in the far West, the houses will present, with the single exception of the "rookery" at Kensington, an unbroken line of good buildings. If all this can be done by simply removing her Majesty's regiment of Life Guards from their present locality at Knightsbridge, why not do so at once? The Government has the power, why not exercise it?

But there is another side of the question—a very decided reverse of the medal. As Sir John Pakington replied to the deputation on Monday, "the residents came to the barracks, not the barracks to the residents." Those who built or bought their houses at Knightsbridge did so with their eyes open. And there is another consideration, upon which the Secretary of War appears to have dwelt very slightly when arguing the case for the barracks against the inhabitants, but which we suspect is one of the—if not the—chief reasons why the Household Cavalry will not leave Knightsbridge. "These barracks," said Sir John, "are the favourite barracks of the Household Brigade." To belong to the Life Guards or Blues means that, besides being of good family, a gentleman has an income or allowance of at least £2,000 a year, and something handsome in ready money to pay for his commissions when called upon to do so. It is true that a few of these young men go to the Jews in reference to bills and debts, but that is not their normal state. Many of them are the future peers of England, and not a few among them have present seats in one or another House of Parliament. Between the three regiments there are usually not less than a dozen members of the House of Lords and quite as many of the House of Commons. Should soldiers of this stamp be turned out of their "favourite barracks"? Is it not enough that for a year's duty at Knightsbridge they have to remain twelve months at the Regent's Park, and be exiled to Windsor for a like period? Why lay upon men of this stamp burdens which neither they nor their forefathers have been able to bear? Imagine the 1st Life Guards in barracks at Stoke Newington, or the Blues doing duty at Notting Hill? Moreover, if these gigantic warriors are a nuisance at the West-end of London, why send them to less fashionable regions? The servant-maids at Kingsland or

Kennington are probably not less susceptible to military charms than their sisters near Hyde Park, and if a dismounted curassier is not a desirable companion for a cook of a Rutland-gate mansion, he is not less objectionable as the constant visitor of a maid-of-all-work in a North London villa. If the West-end dislikes having its female servants subject to the temptations of barrack-room Don Juanism, why should the latter be inflicted upon the middle-class citizens of a less fashionable suburb? In a word, the problem to be solved is not so much what we are to do with the Knightsbridge Barracks, as what is to be done with a regiment of the household brigade. That one corps should be quartered at Windsor, seems but natural, nor does the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park object to another inhabiting the barracks in Albany-street. But one regiment will, sooner or later, have to find other barracks at Knightsbridge, and it will be difficult to erect suitable buildings in any other quarter of London, without a protest against the work by the inhabitants of the district.

But may not these objections to having a regiment of cavalry quartered in the vicinity of London be turned to account in another way? Does it indicate a too strong leaning to "radicalism" to ask of what use the Household Cavalry can be in these days? Might not this very ornamental, but by no means useful, force be reduced by at least a third? There are twelve hundred men and eight hundred horses in the Household Brigade, and these are supposed to be on duty with a sovereign who has need of the services of perhaps two hundred men, four or five times in the year. As regards any actual service, the Life Guards and Blues have not been out of England since 1816, and with the weapons of war now in use throughout the world, they would be of about as much service in battle as an old-fashioned sailing three-decker would be in a naval engagement. But they cost us not a little do these mounted sons of Anak. One hundred and twenty thousand pounds a year, ten thousand pounds a month, two thousand five hundred a week, or upwards of three hundred pounds a day, is what the British taxpayer expends for the pleasure of seeing from time to time the big boots, black horses, and armour-clad breasts of the finest but most utterly useless cavalry in Europe. Did they even do all the duty about her Majesty's person it would be something in their favour; but they are unequal even to this effort. If the Queen or any of the Royal family has to go at an ordinary pace from one place to another—even from the Paddington Station to Buckingham Palace—the escort is invariably furnished from the light cavalry regiment stationed at Hounslow, a detachment of which is always quartered in Kensington for this express purpose. The Household Brigade is ornamental in public processions, in keeping the ground at a review, or whenever her Majesty goes in state. But on such occasions there are seldom more than a couple of hundred men on duty, and we all know how very rare these grand occasions are now. The regiments of foot guards are very different in their constitution. It is true that they are exempt from Colonial duty, but whenever war breaks out, or any disturbance is expected, they are the first to be sent abroad. They fought—and right well too—in the Crimea; they have been more than once sent to Canada; and a very short time ago a battalion was despatched to Ireland literally at a day's notice. The Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Fusiliers, are guardsmen, but they are also soldiers; the Household Cavalry are very pretty indeed to look at, but their best friends would hardly pronounce them fitted for any work beyond that which the mounted police could perform quite as well. Surely it is worse than useless to maintain twelve hundred men and eight hundred horses to do that which two or three hundred troopers could do quite as efficiently. If we must have a household brigade, let there be one of light cavalry, which can be made useful also. A hundred and twenty thousand a year could be better spent, even if kept in the Army Estimates, than in maintaining a brigade of cavalry that could not be made the slightest use of even during the great want of troops for the Crimean war. It is for these reasons, we believe, that the question of the Knightsbridge barracks may be allowed to stand over a little longer. The public has heard Mr. Lowe against, and Sir John Pakington in favour of, these buildings; but judgment has been reserved for the present. When it is delivered, we believe that the Rutland-gate will gain its suit. The Secretary of War said the other day, that "the present inclination of the Government tended rather to the improvement of Knightsbridge barracks than to the removal of them;" but it is more than probable public opinion will incline to the saving of at least a third of the enormous price we pay for that very showy mounted police of London, which are, owing to a traditional fable amongst us, still called soldiers.

ARISTOCRATIC THESPIANS.

OUR theatrical notice of this week contains a few remarks on a performance at the Strand Theatre, which was so unique in its way as to excite considerable surprise. Every one who reads police reports knows about the Marquis Townshend. He is as familiar in those interesting columns devoted to the "worthy magistrate" as his namesake, the celebrated Bow-street runner, was to the novel-readers of a certain school. The late Marquis of Waterford figured occasionally under a similar heading, but in a different guise. The Marquis Townshend is no disturber of the night; he never steals a knocker, cracks the skull of a policeman, or invites the Haymarket cabmen to join in procession round Trafalgar-square. He is of another nature. The Marquis Townshend is of a benevolent disposition. His rule is philanthropic. He searches the streets for mendicants, and he charges those criminals with begging. They frequently beg from him, so amiable and so charitable does he look, and he thereupon calls a constable, and appears next day in the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph*, indicated by the set phrase, "The Marquis of Townshend and the Beggars." It is said that in the daily press this common form is kept for use like the famous ointment and its accompanying leg of twenty years' standing. We should, from such instances, have imagined the Marquis to have been a grave and sensible young man, who came into the world like Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Spurgeon, with a mission. We should as soon suspect the former of burglary, and the latter of Popish tendencies, as suspect the Marquis Townshend of levity. Our astonishment is great indeed when we find him acting at the Strand. It is not in accordance with the fitness of things. If he acted in a tragedy, or a revived *Miracle Play*, we might not think him so much out of place. We had the Duchess of Newcastle singing at Exeter Hall the other day. It would be easy to construct a melodrama in which a real marquis could be turned into account, like real water or a real horse, and another "Great City" might be manufactured for Drury Lane, in which Marquis Townshend would arrest a beggar, and thus charm the audience by presenting to them a *tableau vivant* of a most exciting and realistic character. But a burlesque seems to us to be out of his line. Burlesque is not in itself a species of entertainment which demands deep convictions or conscientiousness on the part of those addicted to it. *Abandon* is the rule of burlesque. If a lady, you can do no better than display as much of the figure as possible to the pit; swagger not like a man, but like a woman who dresses like a man, with a view of exhibiting herself to men; talk wretched doggerel with an accent compounded of Whitechapel and the Strand Theatre; look significantly at one or two private boxes, and wear very little dress, and that little as expensive as silk, tinsel, and hose can make it. For men the business is even more despicable and worthless. Vulgar, and vulgarity unrelieved, is the prime object and aim of the main characters in this charming species of entertainment. It was in "Ivanhoe" that the noble Marquis made his appearance. He took a subordinate part, and only spoke a few lines, but it was the *morale* of his new career that was at once so instructive and interesting. A real marquis on the stage is a novelty. Any marquis on the stage would be a novelty. A fast marquis would be a surprising sight, but a "slow" marquis contributing to the capers and high jinks of very lively actresses is a thing not often seen. Marquis Townshend should not be discouraged at his comparative failure of success. He selected but a slight part, that of butler or major-domo. After a time he may be permitted to dance a breakdown or to sing a comic song. The energy and perseverance for which he has been distinguished in the other walk with which his name is associated will doubtless aid him in his recently-adopted calling. He was supported on this occasion by Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton. Lord Arthur, we are told, is a better actor than Marquis Townshend; but Marquis Townshend need not despair. Every beginning is weak. Let him permit the beggars to beg in peace for a while, give his days and nights to the study of Mr. H. L. Byron, and there is no saying to what burlesque pitch of perfection he may not arrive.

The play is to be acted again next week for the benefit of the "Swanborough family." The "Swanborough family" are fortunate in their patrons. Not only will the Prince of Wales and some of the nobility witness the delectable sights and sounds provided at the Strand, but a sprig or two of the latter will permit itself to be transplanted to the very stage. After all, these amateurs are not worse than the young members of the French fashionable clubs. As yet we have not hetairic fêtes in London, picnics which finish in wild orgies, or typical

flower-girls and singing women, to whom the Nautch dancers of India are modest. Our burlesques are the most innocent of amusements in the world, and therefore the apparent incongruity of a serious marquis joining a burlesque company for a night may not be so inexplicable. We leave the reason to be discovered by those who can reconcile the fact with the occasion. The wide field of speculation which the occurrence opens to us is of a curious as well as extensive area. It would seem that if a marquis can "draw" he may be got for the purpose, and that even a "duchess" may be engaged for a similar object. At a certain festival of the year at which our lady and gentlemen performers hold a bazaar at the Crystal Palace, a kind of public, a very peculiar public, pay for staring at them. Shall we have in London a month during which Park-lane and Belgravia will show on the boards? Plays are full of titles and realisms—aristocratic realisms, suited even for a prince, can be found. Marquis Townshend deserves all the honour of having broken ground. People who believed that our aristocracy were idle and proud can now see their mistake. The Marquis Townshend getting up his study in Cockney puns or, perhaps, making ready for a "cellar-flap," and Lord A. P. Clinton, M.P., acquiring the mysteries of "mugging" in order to illustrate the next benefit of the "Swanborough family," should for ever correct the impression that in the Upper and in the Lower Houses of Parliament we could not find persons of mediocre talents as anxious to exhibit their supposed accomplishments as the vainest shopboys that ever played "Hamlet" in a penny theatre.

SPORT IN SWEDEN.

If there is one thing more than another in which we show our descent from Scandinavian ancestors, it is our love of field sports. The laws of Canute are, setting age against age, the counterpart of our own. Whether we turn to Manwood or Dame Juliana Berners, we find the same story. William of Normandy—William the Bastard, as he called himself—says the old English chronicler, loved the red deer as if he were their own father. And now once more we turn to Scandinavia. Each autumn sees an annual emigration of fishermen and sportsmen of all sorts to Norway and Sweden. The good ship *Mary*, known to so many, then fills her berths and loads her deck. And a good thing that it is so. We Englishmen, like the Arab, are cursed with the "wandering foot." For heat we care not. As the Italian says, "Only dogs and Englishmen walk in the sun." Cold we love. We, who rule in India, rule also at the North Pole. It is not, therefore, wonderful that, year by year Norway and Sweden are becoming more and more our sporting ground. England is, after all, a small place. The steam-plough now furrows up the moors of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. Cities increase, and where were pastures are now brick-kilns. We, at least, reverse the proverb, "Ubi Troja seges est." Our birds are disappearing. Where snipe, a few years since, were shot, stand towns. But "nos et in Arcadiâ." We have taken the golden eagle's nest in Sutherlandshire—where we never expect again to take it—and the peregrine falcon's in North Wales, and the honey buzzard's in the New Forest. But all these birds will soon become as scarce as the great bustard. Still the Englishman's love for sport will not so easily die. In some shape or another, it is innate in him. "The playing-fields of Eton won Waterloo," cried the Duke. And those who watched the cricket match between Cambridge and Oxford this week, or the regatta at Henley, know how strong the old love of sport, in any shape, flourishes amongst all classes of society. No country has this feeling like our own. It is said, though we do not vouch for the truth of the story, that Louis Philippe sent over a commission to England to inquire into that unknown English sport of cricket, and the report was that it was far too dangerous a game to be introduced into France. And the same spirit that makes us bowlers and batters, rowing men or cricketing men, makes us also the travellers and explorers of the world. Even racing and gambling may be looked upon simply as an example of "Corruptio optimi est pessimum." We Englishmen, above all others, still exhibit

"The wish, that ages have not yet subdued,
Of man to have no master save his mood."

And now, when, as we have said, England is, as far as fields are concerned, becoming smaller, when the waste-lands are each year being tilled for wheat and the woods cut down for firing and flooring—when the price for moors is rushing up so extravagantly high that none but noblemen or *les nouveaux riches* can afford to pay, it is no wonder that we should be seeking out for "fresh fields and pastures new." Sport the Englishman must have in some shape or other. Neither the

Indian, who thought that his dogs would meet him in heaven, nor the Esquimaux, who asked the first missionaries—"Tell us, are seals plentiful in heaven?" can in this respect match him. And Sweden seems now marked out for his preserves. The labours of Brooke, Wolley, Simpson, Tristram, and Wheelwright have shown us its riches in the way of game. According to the best of these authorities, there were not long ago killed in one year no less than a hundred and seventeen bears, a hundred and sixty-two wolves, and nearly two thousand eagles and falcons. Such sport is worth all the "small deer" of partridges, and the *battues* which only the *gants glacés* love. Here at least you have the enjoyment which danger gives and the zest which comes from exertion. Fallows and turnips are all very well, but *toujours perdrix* is wearisome. But this list by no means includes the chief attractions to Sweden. The elk still wanders in the forests, and the reindeer on the northernmost fells; and the lynx and the glutton are still to be found, though the beaver has disappeared. Few countries, too, show such a range and variety of landscape, forests, and fells, downs and marsh and mountain. And our attention to Sweden has lately been called by an admirable book on its game-birds and wild fowl, by Mr. Lloyd. And if the reader should ask who is Mr. Lloyd, we would answer that he was the friend of Brooke, and more than forty years ago won his reputation as a sportsman. And if any one wishes to know something further of Mr. Lloyd, we would refer him to the pages of the "Old Bushman," who writes in his "Spring and Summer in Lapland," "If any one wishes to know more of the habits and chase of the bear, I will refer them to Lloyd's 'Northern Field Sports,' a book written by one who has killed more bears than any man in Sweden, and a book, moreover, which tells 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,'—rather an unusual thing in a book on sporting;" and who again, in his "Ten Years in Sweden," says, "I could never run on 'skidors' after a bear, nor did I ever meet with any Englishman, except Mr. Lloyd, who could." *Laudari a laudato* is the highest praise which can be earned. And praise coming from the "Old Bushman" tells its own story. And Mr. Lloyd's new work is quite worthy of his reputation. No one who thinks of going to Scandinavia this summer and autumn should be without it; for the descriptions of the habits of the birds, changing the names of the situations, will hold good anywhere. The book, in short, will take the same place in a sportsman's library, as regards Swedish game-birds, as Knox's or Hawker's do to our own. But Mr. Lloyd is fortunately something more than a mere sportsman. He has an eye for nature, and his descriptions of natural scenery, especially of the Swedish pine-forests, are amongst the best we have ever read. There is a true, healthy out-of-door tone about them. Mr. Lloyd's pen is not that of the mere bookmaker or practised *littérateur*. His style is rough and ready, and suits his subject. We are interested with the matter rather than the manner—and this is high praise. Further, as we have hinted, Mr. Lloyd flings a wide net. At times he leaves his birds and discourses upon Swedish cromlechs, some of which resemble our own "Kit Coty's House," though none appear to reach the size of those at Saumur, the most perfect which we have ever seen. His book is thus equally suited for the study or the field. Game-birds form, however, the staple of his work. And, as might be expected, his account of the capercali is quite exhaustive, and forms, in short, a monogram, which every future naturalist will be obliged to consult. More than thirty years ago, Mr. Lloyd introduced the capercali into Scotland, and the bird still forms the pride and ornament of the woods round Taymouth Castle. And now, we see, that he proposes to follow up his experiment by naturalizing the hazel-hen (*Tetrao bonasia*), if he can only find, as before, some public-spirited Sir Thomas Buxton or Marquis of Breadalbane to aid him in carrying out his plan on a sufficiently large scale, so as to give it a fair chance of success. This is a subject which is quite worthy of attention. There can be but little doubt that plenty of suitable localities could be found, especially in Scotland, and that the bird, from its well-known hardihood, would easily thrive. When we are sending out birds to Australia and other colonies, we think that some acclimatization society might introduce a few into England, beginning first of all with the hazel-hen. The naturalist, too, will turn, with as much pleasure as the sportsman, to Mr. Lloyd's pages. He has added a whole chapter to our knowledge of the habits and nidification of the double snipe (*Scolopax major*). Hewitson's account is very meagre, being made up of mere quotations from Hoy and Tristram. The chicks, it appears, are hatched in about from seventeen to eighteen days, and begin to run with pieces of shells on their backs, as we have seen the young of the pewit do, a fact which, we may add, is noticed by Shakespeare. Of the breeding, how-

ever, of the jack snipe (*Scolopax gallinula*) in Sweden, Mr. Lloyd has no information to give us. But the puzzle of its nidification was solved for us some years ago by the indefatigable labours of the late Mr. Wolley. Whatever Mr. Lloyd tells us is either what he has himself observed, or else taken care to authenticate. He it was who first gave us the story of the woodcock carrying its young in its claws, a story which was at the time universally disbelieved. Other observers have, however, corroborated the fact, which we also have seen in the New Forest, where the woodcock breeds much more frequently than is commonly supposed, though we do not feel quite sure as to the bird's method of carrying its young. And in the present volume he contributes what we believe is a new fact about the eider duck (*Somateria mollissima*), that the old bird will take the young "over her neck," and so carry them down to the sea. We have had many opportunities of observing the habits and nidification of the eider duck on the Coquet Island, on the Northumberland coast, the most southern breeding-place of the bird, and though we have never seen anything of the sort, yet we are not disposed to doubt Mr. Lloyd's story, especially if, as appears to be the case in the particular example, the bird builds on a high cliff. Here we must, much against our will, *spatiis inclusus iniquis*, draw to a close. We will only add that additional value is given to Mr. Lloyd's book by an excellent map of Sweden, Norway, and Finmark, and that his pages are adorned with some illustrations by a late Swedish artist, M. Körner, and Mr. Wolf. The first are remarkable for their accurate colouring of plumage, whilst those of Mr. Wolf's are characterized by that power and poetry which distinguishes his best works. Mr. Wolf is, perhaps, the only artist who can really draw birds.

DR. CUMMING'S "LAST WOE."

It is rare for an author to foreshadow a later production in one of its predecessors; but we can scarcely doubt that Dr. Cumming, imbued as he is with the spirit of prophecy, in publishing his "Coming Tribulation," did a bit of prediction on his own account which has seen its fulfilment in the "Last Woe." If it is really the last, we will forgive him. As somebody said of Alpine travellers that they were perfectly free to go up mountains if they would but stop there, everything shall be forgiven, in the language of advertisements, to the hierophant of Crown-court if this woe is really the last. We shall then be able to scan his proportions with calmness, and to weigh him in the balance with judicial coolness. As it is, we must confess to a slight predisposition towards anger when we see the various editions through which his books have passed, and calculate the amount of good paper which has been absorbed by this literary phenomenon. Calvin and Cumming did not draw inspiration from the same source, for it was a special subject of praise to the former that he never wrote on Revelations. "Sapit Calvinus quia non ad Apocalypsin scripsit." Whoever said it was, a wise man. Few heads are strong enough to resist the fascinations inherent to that study, and to grapple with the temptations to which the arbitrary fixing of a single date exposes the student. Such a starting-point is necessary, but standing upon it is no easier than balancing oneself on a pinnacle of the Temple. It must be rather nervous work fastening on the particular fact which is to support the weight of an astrological system. But when you have got it, there is no room for further hesitation; you have crossed your Rubicon, and made a bold stroke for the crown of divination. Henceforth, for he cannot afford fallibility, the commentator is tied to his own interpretation like a living captive to a dead body. Not that his state is wholly unpleasant; the chances are that he has a crowd of followers. And the pursuit itself is interesting enough. When a man has wrapped the world in a Procrustean mould, he can always employ himself in cutting here and stretching there. When he has made up his mind that a portent is needed, the *ōidium* or the cattle plague may portend the death of Cæsar. To the expounders of prophecy wars and pestilence are invaluable helpmates in the working out of their pet theories. In fact, the class could hardly have existed without some aid of this kind. The quickness of perception which this need of materials creates is only comparable to the skill with which obsequious relations discover a likeness to both father and mother in the infant face of the son and heir; and it gives an aptness in the piecing together of facts which seem irreconcilable, such as that of the holder of a *séance* in translating the language of the spirits.

Dr. Cumming has been like his fellows. He has equally drunk of the intoxicating cup, which, enemy-like, seems to have stolen away his brains. In the nature of things, his task pre-

cludes any attempt at versatility; the historian of the future cannot afford to turn aside to the right hand or to the left. He must do his best to keep his feet. That he should at times tumble into a puddle is only natural in a man who, with his eyes turned heavenwards, is watching the signs of the times; that the facts which relate to this sublunary life should be neglected or glossed over is excusable in the man who is poring over the map of the future; that the proportions of Europe should seem petty, its boundaries vague, and its features undefined, is not strange in one who is gazing forth on the immensity of the world to come. On these grounds we can excuse Dr. Cumming for his frequent ignorance of facts, and for his still more frequent perversion of them; we can overlook his floundering in the slough of Parnassus, and stumbling over passages which present no difficulty to an average schoolboy, whilst he tries to cover his retreat in a cloud of paltry illustrations and tawdry metaphors. For once, the old proverb is reversed, and there is no fire in this luxuriance of smoke. Let us see if the "Last Woe" puts these brilliant antecedents to shame.

If Lord Malmesbury's dictum that a knowledge of reference is almost as useful as knowledge itself holds good, Dr. Cumming's education must be nearly completed, for the whole book is a mere cento of modern literature, where chapter and verse are recorded with arithmetical precision. This is real progress on his part, for at one time his memory played him strange tricks. Singularly tenacious of whole pages of printed matter, it seemed to fail him when the need arose of referring them to the original owners. This time, however, in spoiling the Egyptians he has not done it without due acknowledgment. From Chateaubriand to the *Morning Post* the civilized world has been laid under requisition. Entire articles cut out of the *Times* form as pretty a contrast to the author's rhetoric as the inside of a wedding-cake does to its exterior ornaments. The long-ignored Elliott is restored to his due position, and every chapter bristles with an array of borrowed treasure. But, as a specimen of padding, four pages of Peter the Great's will is perhaps incomparable. The most reasonable explanation of such slovenliness is, that Dr. Cumming doubted if the world would last long enough for him to reach his customary series of editions. To go a little more into particulars, we must dwell for a moment on the first page. What is the meaning of a thoughtful mind being *solemnized*? To enrich the language at so early a stage was a greater treat than we had a right to expect. The object of the volume is then shortly stated:—"This volume is an illustration of the accuracy of the interpretations and expectations of the 'Seventh Trumpet' published twenty years ago." To further establish this position, he calls his witnesses—journalists, historians, and travellers. We take the liberty of reproducing this evidence in two or three cases. The *Westminster Review* in 1848 wrote—"We seem to have stood witnesses to the opening of the seventh seal, and listeners to the sounding of the seventh trumpet." The *Times* five years back announced that "by all common rules there will be great events in Europe during the next twenty years . . . so we must provide an adequate army and defences, even though a smiling world seems to promise us a millennium to woo us to disarm."

There is no mistaking the nationality of this author. He has not undergone the due surgical operation, which would make a joke dear to him. Happily his readers are not all Scotchmen and can see a joke without that preliminary. A rhetorical flourish in a quarterly and a random sentence in a newspaper, which contains the attractive word "millennium," are brought in head and shoulders to support the wildest of theories. But, of course, no comments on the writings of others can reach the acme of absurdity which is attained at a bound by the remarks coming hot from the Cumming brain. Here is a specimen:—"What is very remarkable, secular writers and prophetic interpreters in most instances relating to the present coincide." It is equally remarkable that they, in most instances do not eat with their knives. Again, "the very historians who ignore or scoff at prophecy, register its fulfilment;" but, if all history, as Cumming says, is a fulfilment of prophecy, the historian has no alternative. If, in addition to these logical gymnastics, we furnish our readers with one morsel of eloquence and one historical novelty, they cannot complain. As a paraphrase of the text "Knowledge shall increase," we hear that now "the folio is scattered on the wings of the tract." This is eloquent. By way of history, we are informed that the valleys of the Rhine, Danube, and Po expiated in the campaigns of Napoleon the sins of their ancestors, who had there massacred various Protestant sects. But we must leave our divine and his bit of patchwork to the mercy of his readers.

Yet before leave-taking, it is worth while inquiring into the sources of Dr. Cumming's success. "The Coming Tribulation" is said to have attained its fourteenth thousand, and, if the world lasts long enough, "The Last Woe" may do the same. The force of human credulity can go no farther. As the child takes to its puppet-show, and the maid to her gipsy, so the mistress consults her Home and reads her Cumming. This trade of divination has always thrived. The augurs, as recorded by Gérome, had a fine time of it; the woman in the Acts was a valuable property; Cagliostro made money, and his spirit-rapping sons have not been sent empty away. On the whole we hold to the astrologers. At all events there were poetical elements contained in their case, and they were as often right as any of their brethren. A calendar founded on the study of the stars has as much claim upon our faculty of belief as one founded on the number of the beast—for our part we prefer the signs of the zodiac to 666. What a *crux* these predictions of our day will be to the critic of the twenty-first century! Imagine him routing out from the *débris* of our empire two worm-eaten copies headed "The Millennial Rest, John Cumming, D.D., 14th thousand," and "Proverbial Philosophy, M. F. Tupper, 30th edition"! He will be puzzled to account for the popularity of the authors. It is true that Tupper, if Solomon's Proverbs are no longer extant, will be pretty reading, but his companion will be still a paradox. To find yourself an anachronism by two hundred years is embarrassing to start with; and this, capped by a system of theology as confused as the book of Mormon, will reduce the latter-day *savant* to the depth of despair. If he is a person of ingenuity, he will construct a system on it, which will be a charming pendant to the treatise composed by the electrified philosopher in Pickwick. Or he may be led to infer that our lunatic asylums were at one time so thickly inhabited as to have created a literature of their own. At all events, in adhering to the latter view he will be able to establish a strong *prima-facie* case.

* CHIC!

THE *Times*' correspondent is at some pains to rescue his countrymen, especially the artists who may reasonably be expected to be nettled at having only one of many gold medals awarded to them, and at seeing Bavarian, Austrian, and even American art openly preferred to their own, from the sad imputation of not being Chic! This piece of slang, originating in the Quartier Latin, has been for some years in vogue with the artists and students of Paris, and, as is the fate with all such words, has fallen down to the Boulevards, Mabilles, and the Chateau Rouge. We are so fond of new words that it is strange that we should wait for the Grand' Exposition to adopt the expression, as no doubt we shall; but for some time the little boys of Paris have been using it, and the artists still find it handy to express the inexpressible. It means really what we would intimate by "skill or knack." "*Il y a du chic dans ce tableau*," there is power, worth, expression, in that picture; or they may say of an actor, "*Cet artiste a du chic*," that tragedian has stuff in him. Moreover, the little word pronounced sharply "*shik*," can be used very forcibly to express contempt. A *lorette* asking a young fellow with a fine massive gold watchchain what o'clock it was, saw, when he produced his timepiece, a miserable Geneva silver watch, "*Ah!*" she cried, "*ce n'est pas chic!*" The externals did not imply internals; and similarly to certain careless, thoughtless, blundering work, to ungainly awkwardness, to listless endeavour which never compasses its end, we may hear that it is not Chic! Mr. Dallas, the *Times*' special correspondent and the author of that amazing work, "*The Gay Science*," may, therefore, well labour with all his might and main to prove that our artists have plenty of Chic, but we doubt whether he will be successful. Mr. Arnold found that the Germans accused the English of a want of "*geist*"—spirit, mind, pluck, or really, Chic. The accusation coming from both nations, from the thoughtful German and the vivacious Frenchman, may well make us pause. Is it true? Is there no foundation for the assertion? So much as a man loves this great country, so much as he appreciates her many noble and admirable qualities, her real virtues and her earnest endeavours, he will be pained, when comparing—and the comparison will be constantly forced on him—to find in almost everything a real want of *geist* or *chic*, or prompt, compact, educated and active thought in politics, in art, and in literature. We outlive our blunders, it is true; but surely we cannot claim much prescience or spirit. In the Exposition itself England bears her part, but it is not the foremost part she once bore. She will have to pay very dearly for her share of the whistle playing such a very pretty tune at Paris; if the amount

does not eventually reach and even exceed a quarter of a million of pounds sterling we shall be very much surprised. A very ragged show of English pictures and a motley assembly of provincial papers is surely no great claim to the possession of the coveted quality. We ought to have known what we are about, and to have excelled in other things than Minton's china and the cut glass which Mr. Dobson exhibits. Certainly we have a curious collection of all the silver race cups won since 1854, huge piles of inartistic metal with no "Chic" about them, and we have certain engines and machines which the French equal and the Belgians surpass. We are doing too a great trade in sewing machines bought eagerly by the French *modistes* and Parisian tailors, but these claim an American origin; our very best work is in the Government shed, where Palliser's chilled shot and Armstrong's breechloading cannon astonish the French by the crushing results exhibited on the *Warrior* targets and the sides of armour-clads; but people do say that it shows no very great Chic to exhibit at a glance the carefully-tabulated results of years of the most costly experiments, and to teach a possibly hostile and certainly very ambitious nation the best and shortest method of battering our sea and land defences to pieces. No other nation has such an exhibit, and careful observers may remark how very attentive French artillerists are to these grand machines of war, of which, on their side, they show none. Is it the thing—is it Chic—to show a rival one's hand at cards?

As regards art, the want of this quality is terribly apparent in the British section. The pictures are, in the first place, no very fair example of our schools; in the second, when the awards were made, they were so hung that many of them "killed" each other, and they have had to be rearranged in many instances. Our great painters, if any can be called great—and our lively neighbours seem to think that we have none—were so badly represented, that Landseer was only known by a picture of one of our *demi-monde*, lying down in a stable, and comfortably reclining on her horse, while Millais astonished the Parisians by the ugliest, most *outré* picture of a lady in a flood of green moonlight doing one of the most awkward things a woman can do, namely, unlacing her stays, with a shapeless mass of drapery about her knees. Mr. Millais calls this an illustration of Keats' Eve of St. Agnes; and the Parisians were as much astonished at the apparition as John Keats would have been. No wonder that the French artists laughed and cried out about the want of Chic. In good French pictures there is compact thought, power, good execution, and everything that culture and learning can do. The French painter knows the alphabet of his art at least, and if he fails, it is only for want of genius. But almost every English painter exhibits a waste of genius for want of thorough art teaching. One shows us a number of people, cut into bits by the frame, crawling down the side of a ship; another, huge figures covering the whole canvas in native ugliness at a pit's mouth. No wonder that the judges, accustomed to clean, careful, elegant work, overlooked the eccentricities of pre-Raphaelite genius, and gave the gold medal to a young artist of the Langham school, whose works the Academy would but reluctantly hang. If we want to know why they did so, and disregard, as gentlemen, the stupid cries of favouritism and bribery, we have only to look at the "Chic" of Gerome and Meissonier, and the want of all this in all of our artists except a few. Let us look too, for instance, at our pre-Raphaelite art in woodcuts, which invades even our caricatures, our tall figures, bewhiskered and listless swells, our coats, gowns, and trousers filling up the whole of the pictures; the ragged work, black patches, pen-and-ink skies, woolly trees, rude and German-like cross-hatchings, and the utter want of finish, let alone prettiness, which is observable in every illustrated book which we now see. Compare the old landscapes of Birket Foster, who has abandoned the wood, and the figure illustrations of John Leech and John Gilbert, with our present woodcuts.

"True art is nature to advantage dressed,"

is an incontrovertible maxim, and yet we dress our figures to such disadvantage that a picture of a workman, or a sportsman is pervaded, not with the notion of a man, not with the character of an individual, but with an unmistakable velveteen jacket or a pair of corduroy trousers in which you can count the very lines. Moreover, ugly as this exaggeration is, it is not more false than it is ugly. Figures of the size of woodcuts would lose all especial texture of their dress; and yet our thoughtless artists, because they see grain in the wood of a door seven feet high, run a false imitation of it over its similitude which is only two inches. The same blundering attempt to do something without the requisite thought of how it should be done pervades, let us sadly own, most

things English. Our chief paper admits reviews, yet all writers know that it is not the chief book of its class, the most popular book, or the noblest book, or the representative book, that gets reviewed, but the works of ladies and gentlemen who are thereby lifted into a day's notoriety, to be tested, tasted, and to fall into obscurity for ever. One of its chief reviewers explained what he knows, or what he thinks he knows, about a severe, sad, and often cruel art, and he calls his book "The Gay Science"—a name stolen from the pleasant art of the Troubadours; was that Chic? Or let us fly from this art to architecture; let us look at our streets, leading nowhere, the side streets blocked up so as to overload the arteries of trade; the houses built of rough stone, so as to be overloaded with smoke; the streets badly paved, with interstices left so as the mud can work up in wet weather, and the dust arise in the dry. Let us see how we mend the streets by fits and starts, first letting them be full of holes; how we allow the turncock to pick up a portion and leave a hillock of stones improperly laid, which, just as it gets worn down, is peremptorily pulled up by the gas-man; how we allow nuisances to accumulate; permit railroads to knock down and leave in ruins whole quarters of the town; make no provision for lodging our working classes, when such provision would render them healthy and contented, and pay the parish as well; how acres on acres of valuable land in the City has been for years a desert, haunted by night by thieves and bad women, and by day by crowds of betting-men equally bad; how we look in vain for a head, and never do anything but make a job; how artists design law courts, which should be plain—noble, not costly in design, with a perfect forest of small towers and a useless central tower fit only for the minster bells of a Gothic cathedral, a paradise for sparrows, a trap for soot and smoke; how other artists fail utterly in producing even a creditable design for a National Gallery; how "the finest site in Europe," Trafalgar-square, has become a stony desert, the playground of roughs—but there is enough to consider to make us sadly own that we want both Geist and Chic, and the first thing to remedy that want is to acknowledge it.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

HAD it not been for that ugly double shadow cast from Queretaro and from Miramar—the shadow of the slain ex-Emperor of Mexico and of his hopelessly insane consort—the present week would have been a gay and brilliant one in Paris. The Sultan has arrived, and been received with all the military pomp and splendour of which the Second Empire is always so profuse; and the Emperor has distributed the prizes at the Great Exhibition, prefacing the act with a speech which was certainly in his happiest manner. It is very difficult to produce an address of this kind which shall be readable, the temptation being so great—indeed, so irresistible—to indulge in obvious remarks, and in a certain tone of vaunting which seems to belong to all great public achievements. Certainly, the Emperor's speech is not entirely free from either of these qualities; but they are kept in check by good sense and good feeling, and are delivered in so elegant and compact a style that it is impossible to resist a sentiment of pleasure in perusing the address. Besides, there can be no doubt that these International Exhibitions really are of service in aiding the progress of the world, and removing the effects of centuries of disunion. They may not be the dawn of the Millennium, or the first step towards the re-establishment of the Golden Age; but they are evidences of an increased tendency towards regarding the nations of Europe and America as members of a great Federal Commonwealth, who have far greater interest in peace than they can possibly have in war. If there is a species of cant in representing these assemblies as the earnest of an approaching universal concord, there is an equal and a worse cant in sneering at them as mere gatherings of tradesmen for the exhibition and sale of their wares. They are the Parliaments, so to speak, of art and industry; and, so viewed, the Emperor was right in saying that peoples and kings had come to Paris "to do honour to the efforts of labour, and to crown them by their presence with the idea of conciliation and peace." It is to be regretted that this Paris Exhibition should have been overshadowed, first by the attempt to assassinate the Czar, and secondly by the news of the execution of Maximilian. The latter event has put an end to several of the festivities by which it was proposed to entertain the Sultan.

THE fate of Maximilian, however much it may shock, will surprise no one. It is simply what must have been expected of a

savage Red Indian chieftain, who finds that he has his enemy absolutely in his power. And, though we must greatly deplore and strongly condemn such an act, it is not without a technical justification. Maximilian was an invader and adventurer of the true filibustering order, and the *Daily News* has shown that, while he had the opportunity, he deliberately shot, as brigands, the commanders of the Republican bands in arms against him. This may not exonerate Juarez, but it at least palliates his act of severity. The sad fate of the Archduke, however, has thrown a shadow over the Paris fêtes, and caused our own Queen to postpone her contemplated review. The capital of Mexico is said to have fallen before the Republicans, and "the Empire" is now a bloodstained dream of the past.

As we anticipated, the Church in Italy will in all probability be compelled to endure severer terms with respect to the ecclesiastical property, in consequence of the conspiracy by which it defeated the recent scheme of the Government, than it would otherwise have been called upon to suffer. The report of the committee upon the Bill for levying an extraordinary tax on the property of the Church, recommends "the suppression and conversion of all ecclesiastical property, excepting only such as may belong to the parishes. An extraordinary tax of 30 per cent. to be levied on all the ecclesiastical property converted. All landed property of the Church to become the property of the State, and to be managed and sold by provincial commissioners, who will be superintended by a central commission." A Bill based on this report has been drawn up, by which it is proposed to divide the whole of the property into small lots, which are to be sold by auction. The Government will then be authorized to issue bonds upon the property sufficient to realize 400,000,000 of lire, bearing interest at the rate of 7 per cent., and redeemable in twenty-five years. This is certainly much harder measure than was contemplated and proposed by the Government; and should the Bill of the committee become law, the Church will have little reason to congratulate itself that it plotted, with a little temporary success, against the milder projects of Signor Ferrara. The Finance Minister, however, is for the present under a shade, and has resigned his post.

OURS is not the only country in the world where riots take place arising out of religious dissensions. Scenes similar to those which recently occurred in Birmingham have just taken place at Trani and Verona. In the former town, a Catholic priest administered extreme unction to a dying Protestant workman against his will; and the sense of irritation caused by this very unjustifiable proceeding was increased by a violent sermon against the Protestants delivered by the Archbishop, Monsignor Bianchi. Some Protestants who heard the sermon were so incensed against the Archbishop that, on leaving the church, he was struck in the face. At night, the Catholics broke into the houses of several of the Protestants, and committed frightful outrages. In Verona, the collision arose out of the refusal of the priests to join in the constitutional festival of the 2nd of June, and the subsequent determination of the mob to break up the procession of ecclesiastics on Corpus Christi day, in which they succeeded. Similar events have also taken place at Florence. These are strange comments on Christianity in the nineteenth century of its existence, and while Rome is holding high festival in her ancient ways.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the recent Centenary celebrations at Rome must have been very splendid as a spectacle. Unquestionably, also, there is a certain moral grandeur in any large concourse of human beings animated by a common devotion to what they consider a true and ennobling principle. Yet there were some features in the late proceedings which would have excited the irony of a Voltaire, and which give an air of theatrical unreality and childish make-believe to the whole affair. The feeble old Pope *seeming* to kneel in rapt adoration of the Host, but in reality sitting for greater comfort, with a vast pall thrown about him to give the appearance of kneeling—the tawdry decorations of St. Peter's, which on Saturday caught fire, and very nearly led to a repetition of the catastrophe in South America a few years ago—the present brought by the Canadian Bishops, consisting of a silver ship laden with nuggets of gold and the coins of all nations, with the masts decorated with bank-notes of every colour—the little dramatic scene with the very old bishop who said he was so poor that he had only his staff to offer the Holy Father, which staff, on examination, proved to be of solid gold—all these things seem to us very strange features in a solemn religious observance. Nor is it very edifying to read of the French

priests, on the occasion of the Corpus Christi procession, knocking off the hats of those who did not uncover at the proper time. The celebration has had its tragic incident, too, for a French priest was stabbed on one of the evenings, and is hardly expected to recover. These are the facts which give the Voltaires of the world so many opportunities of sneering.

THE Italian Government has been defeated—and that by a very large majority—on a question referring to the army. By 207 against 86, the Chamber has decided, in opposition to the Ministers, to suppress the chief military commands, and to reduce the territorial divisions to sixteen. A great effort was made by the Government to retain these chief commands, and General Revel, the Minister of War, lost his temper in defending them. They were exceedingly expensive, however, and involved the keeping up of vast establishments, and an extravagant expenditure in many ways. Italy has been laying out far too much of late years on her armaments, and, now that the necessity for them no longer exists, it is quite right that she should retrench.

It is said that "a distinct understanding" has been arrived at in Paris between the Prussian and French Governments, by which it is arranged that, in the final settlement with respect to Slesvig, Flensburg, Düppel, and Alsen should continue to belong to Prussia. Denmark is not at all satisfied with the present state of the negotiations, and it seems but too probable that Prussia will maintain her high-handed policy to the last.

EARL DERBY recently threw doubt in the House of Lords on the stories that are told of Turkish atrocities in Crete; and doubtless there have been exaggerations, as there always are on these occasions. But it appears only too probable that terrible cruelties have been perpetrated. The account given by the very able Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* leaves no room for doubt on the subject. Omar Pasha seems now to be gaining the upper hand, and might surely be more merciful.

THE Jews have just now a bad time of it in Moldavia, where a liberated nationality is uniting with energy to show that Liberalism, like charity, begins at home, and too often stops there. The Jews seem to have crept, partly by bargain with the Government, partly with private individuals, into the occupation of certain farms, inns, and places of public reception, and to have obtained the opportunity of acquiring property in different parts of the country. This has given mortal offence to the Moldavians, who had previously enjoyed a monopoly of these good things; and the Minister of the Home Department, in order, it is said, to curry favour with the people, has decreed that the Jews shall be expelled from their farms, &c. Upon the strength of this decree, they have been dispossessed of their property, treated as vagabonds, thrown into fetters, and conveyed away in troops by force, to be transported beyond the Danube. For a long-oppressed and recently-emancipated nationality, this is not a very creditable performance.

IN England, when people are dismissed from their employments for misconduct of any kind, the dismissal is of the most summary and unqualified character. In the Indian army a different rule of action prevails. There is a fund expressly set apart as subsistence-money for the support of soldiers after they have been dismissed the service until they reach their place of destination. The considerateness with which this fund is distributed may be understood by reference to certain instances given by Sir Stafford Northcote the other day in the House of Commons. An officer of the Bengal army who has been removed from the service on account of gross abuse of official authority received a pension of £292. Another who had been cashiered for falsehood and fraud received an allowance of £50. A third who had been removed for drunkenness received £30; a fourth, guilty of fraud, £35; a fifth, ditto, £20; a sixth, removed for drunkenness, £50; and a seventh, for embezzlement of the public money, £50. It is true that sometimes officers are removed on charges of which they have not been guilty. Witness the case of Captain Jervis. It appears that he would be entitled to £127 a year out of the subsistence fund, but the Indian Government have also determined to allow him, out of the general revenues of India, £1,800, for the loss of his commission. But the practice is loose and unsatisfactory. If the men above stated to have been dismissed deserved their fate

as little as Captain Jervis, the subsistence-money paid to them was more a mockery than anything else.

In the discussion upon the Bill for the proper keeping of the public records of Ireland, allusion was made by Mr. Childers to an official whom he styled the "deputy-keeper of the records," and who was called by Lord Naas a "sinecurist who never had any authority over the State papers." This sinecurist, otherwise described as "a Protestant clergyman in the south of Ireland," is the Rev. George Edmund Cotter, the rector of Monanimy, in the county of Cork, a parish which is almost a sinecure. Mr. Cotter has been "Clerk of the Papers" in the Chief Secretary's office since the year 1814—that is, for a period of more than half a century, and has received more than £10,000 of public money for doing absolutely nothing. When he was a youth in Trinity College, Dublin, he had a brother who was the M.P. for Mallow, and who was serviceable to the Government of the day. The Ministry gave George Edmund the sinecure office, to reward the member, who was afraid to vacate his seat in Parliament, and therefore could not himself accept office from the Crown. George Edmund, however, while his brother lived, gave him the profits. On the death of the member it was supposed the profits would have been paid to the member's widow, but George Edmund kept them for himself. Such is the history of the affair which Mr. Childers and Lord Naas so delicately handled.

PROFESSOR BEESLY made a serious blunder in his address at the Exeter Hall meeting on Tuesday night. He had no right to drag in Governor Eyre as a monster for comparison with Broadhead, and there were unequivocal demonstrations among the audience that such a parallel was not agreeable to them. Mr. Eyre, we believe, hung negroes in ignorance of the law and under a license of irresponsibility altogether mistaken, if not criminal. Broadhead is a bad type of murderer, for whom there is no excuse. The fellow, out of his own mouth, and in a public letter to the papers, denounced the very motives which prompted the assassination he was directing; and the sincere regret of every one is that, instead of being, as he is now, making money by the hideous notoriety which attaches to him, he is not made answerable for deeds which deserve the gallows. Professor Beesly is a clever and a sensible man, and how he could have forgotten so far what was due to his capacity and common sense as to pursue the line of discourse upon which we comment is a puzzle to us.

AN action which came before Mr. Under-Sheriff Burchell and a Middlesex special jury, for the purpose of assessing damages, on Thursday last, affords a startling instance of the way in which the power of imprisonment for debt may sometimes be exercised. A Mr. Davidson happening to owe a sum amounting to several thousand pounds, and being, as his creditor believed, about to leave the country, the creditor obtained from the Court of Chancery a writ of *ne exeat regno*, directed to the Sheriff of Surrey, and requiring him to detain the person of the defendant until security was found for the debt. The sheriff's officer, having been furnished by the attorney who instructed him, with a photograph of the person whom he was to take in custody, went, accompanied by the attorney's clerk, to a house which he was informed was the residence of Mr. Davidson. The officer having entered the house, saw a gentleman whose appearance, as he thought, closely resembled the photograph, but who turned out to be Mr. Charles Davidson, the eminent real property lawyer and conveyancer. Mr. Davidson naturally denied all knowledge of the debt, and the sheriff's officer being in some doubt, called in the attorney's clerk who persisted in stating that Mr. C. Davidson was the person they wanted. That gentleman was accordingly removed in his own carriage to the sponging-house, and detained in custody until the arrival of the plaintiff in the proceedings, who at once admitted that the wrong person was in custody. The similarity in name and the resemblance in appearance which the two gentlemen bore to one another is not a little remarkable, but it is even more strange that the sheriff's officer should not only take the wrong person into custody, but actually go to his house to make the arrest. The removal of a man from the midst of his family is a matter for which he might reasonably desire heavy compensation, but we believe it is Mr. Davidson's intention to hand over the sum awarded to him to a charity.

THE solicitors to the firm of Messrs. Peto, Betts, & Crampton, have addressed a letter to the inspectors of the estate, stating that

the winding up under the inspection deed is to be discontinued, and the whole affair placed under the jurisdiction of the Court of Bankruptcy. This arrangement has been rendered necessary in consequence of the form taken by the dispute between the firm and the London, Chatham, & Dover Railway Company. It will be remembered that Messrs. Peto & Co. claimed from the company a balance of upwards of £380,000, but the company, so far from admitting that to be the state of the accounts, claim to be creditors of no less a sum than £6,661,941, exclusive of interest. The change from liquidation into bankruptcy, if it produces no other result, will at least have the desirable effect of making the public a little better acquainted than they now are with the actual proceedings of Messrs. Peto & Co. and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company.

THE Tichborne Baronetcy case, after having almost passed out of public notice, has, it is said, at length become the subject of proceedings in the Court of Chancery. The claimant, in the Bill which he has filed, gives a very full account of his life, embracing every event of any importance in his career, from his cornetcy in the Guards down to his arrival in England and acknowledgment by his mother. The case promises to be one of a much more interesting nature than those with which the Court of Chancery is ordinarily occupied.

A RAILWAY accident, in which seven persons have lost their lives and upwards of thirty have been seriously injured, happened on the London and North-Western Railway, near Warrington, on Saturday last. The passenger train from Birmingham and London, which leaves Liverpool at 10.23 a.m., was approaching Walton Junction, when the driver saw ahead a coal-train, which was being shunted on to the Chester line. He did not consider it necessary to slacken speed, as he did not doubt the way would be clear by the time he reached the points; and the coal-train does seem to have got off the line, but the points being left open, the passenger train followed it, and a collision, resulting in a scene of more than usual horror, took place. The circumstances disclose the most gross and disgraceful negligence on the part of the railway *employés*, and serve, if that were necessary, to point out how dangerous it is to relieve the companies from any portion of the pecuniary consequences of these accidents.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

It is your Correspondent's duty, before relapsing into Long Vacation silence, to add by way of *envoi* to his University letters, a very short sketch of the last wild week. Responsions are still going briskly on, as if to remind the dissipated world that Oxford is a centre of education still. All other examinations have ceased, and the great square boxes packed with books for Long Vacation reading are arriving in Welsh villages and on the shores of Scotch lakes. Oh, those square boxes! filled in a moment of great and good resolve with all the books that the student can possibly want, and of them all what percentage is really read between now and October? It is the repetition of old Horace's question,

"Quorum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro,
Eupolin, Archilochum, comites educere tantos?"

Well, then, for the time, almost all Examinations are over, and class lists issued with their records of well-merited successes and richly-deserved failures, and a few cases of really cruel ill-luck, and not a few of fortunate "flukes." In the Pass Schools the "plough" has been unusually busy. The great-go Examiners have rejected about half the candidates who offered themselves, and the Moderators have slain a good third. So much for the Pass Schools. The Class Examiners, especially in Moderations, describe the year as a very good one, and their exceptionally large first class is a testimony to this. The Natural Science Class list, in which so many take an especial interest as one of the newest imported and most important of Oxford studies, presents a remarkably encouraging appearance. It runs thus:—Class I. None. Class II. None. Class III. Messrs. Cubitt and Johnson. It seems as if we were drawing near to the fulfilment of the old joke that the schedule of names for examination in that school will pass from its usual form *Nomina examinandorum* into *Nomen examinandi*, and from that by an easy transition into *No man examinandus*! We greatly fear that the staff of gentlemen who conduct the *Undergraduate's Journal* must have been among the "plucked;" at least their deliberate view of Latin Genders is immortalized in the

heading of their farewell leading article. It is unfortunate that an article which talks rather largely of schemes of Oxford tuition should have adopted as its title "*Nova rerum nascitur ordo*." We assure our youthful journalists that Virgil was nearer the mark in his fourth Eclogue when he wrote in the masculine gender—

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo."

Still it is fair to remember that the Eclogues of Virgil are not required in Pass Moderations. Should the enterprising little journal not "resurrect," as the Yankees say, after the Long Vacation, there will be congenial employment for its writers in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has endorsed "*scandala magnata*" as the proper plural of *scandalum magnatum*. But we do not know where they will find a safety-valve for their high-pressure metaphors, the latest of which, in the same article, describes "the sterile field reaping the fruits of idleness;" an expression which only finds its counterpart in the famous passage from the *Morning Post* of fifty years ago, when it congratulated its readers upon having stripped off Cobbett's mask, and discovered his cloven foot; adding that it was high time to give the hydra-head of faction a rap on the knuckles.

Some months ago we expressed an opinion that our Amateur Dramatic corps, the "Shooting Stars," would render themselves liable to legal proceedings by their performances. They and the lessee of the Victoria Concert Room, where they acted, received summonses to appear before the City magistrates, when they were fined some few shillings for each performance that had taken place. Our young friends certainly made the best of the circumstance, by appearing on the stage in the last scene of the "*Ariadne*" with their summonses in their hands, while one of the performers recited some humorous lines descriptive of their predicament. But what is the mortification of an encounter with the civic magistrates compared with the immortal laurels showered on the corps in the *Times*. Is it not noble to read in the University intelligence—"the dancing of Gumbleton was beyond praise?" Mr. Matthew Arnold repeats with melancholy intonation in one of his lectures—"Wragg is in custody." He thinks the whole sentence, and the name, and all about it, forms the concentration of a heart-rending and degrading state of things. We can hardly help catching that intonation when we read, "the dancing of Gumbleton was beyond praise." No wonder the rest of the Cæsars are being removed, as fast as masons can demolish them, from the precincts of the Sheldonian Theatre. Oxford takes a new ground of fame now:—

"Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos."

In other words, "the dancing of Gumbleton is beyond praise." It is but right. Christ Church already supplies the University with its Choragus in the person of Dr. Corfe, and here the same society can bring forward a gifted young gentleman admirably qualified to act as his Coryphæus. College concerts had commenced the Commemoration festivities at the end of the previous week; but the amusements proper began upon the Sunday. Crowded congregations went to St. Mary's, to New College and Magdalen Chapels—to the two latter in order to enjoy the choral service, to the former to enjoy the summing-up of a course of lectures on dogmatic theology. To those visitors who had attended no other sermons of the Bampton Lecturer's course, the recapitulation must have been very attractive. Still, it is the correct thing to do—and it is done. The promenading in the Christ Church Broad-walk formed a profitable termination to a delightful Sunday, and the thoughtfulness of the Dean in excluding from the select assembly a class which a local journal is pleased to call *les gamins d'Oxford*, was gratefully appreciated.

The procession of boats on Monday evening had everything to make it lovely in the shape of weather. The boats which contrived to upset themselves on this occasion were, the torpid of Queen's College, to which their college dean was rowing stroke—no lives were lost, but the crew got very wet; Wadham boat exhibited a picture of ridiculous indecision—three men tumbled out, one jumped out, and the rest remained in as if nothing had happened. Mr. Willan steamed up and down the river in his screw yacht, which looked, indeed, like a Triton among the minnows. We cannot undertake to describe the balls, the subject is too wide and too rich. Who could do justice to the pink and white calico in Brasenose Library, the supper at the Corn Exchange, the Knights' Templars' arch of steel, the inspiring strains of Jullien's and Coote and Tinney's bands, the exquisite toilettes of the company, and the extremely good and bad dancing—we are sure about Gumbleton's—but one delicate attention requires especial notice. The skylights at the Corn Exchange were covered over with dark canvas, lest "the gay beams of gladsome day gild but to flout the

ruins gray." This quotation must not be taken as referring to the aged and exhausted chaperones. Let us read "to flout the young and gay." There are some folks who think it right to go home at daylight, and others, alas! whose complexions are even more attractive by artificial than by natural light; and so all were pleased. It did strike us that the trains of the ladies' dresses—what the married correspondent of the *Owl* profanely calls tails—were very long tails indeed, and very prehensile, for they seemed to catch hold of many a victim, and hold him fast bound in snaky coils. It did strike us, when seeing at the Masonic fête an imperious undergraduate standing firmly on a lady's tail as he listened to the Orpheus Glee Club, while she vainly endeavoured to tear herself away, that a picture of the snake in Virgil's "*Aeneid*" was wonderfully exemplified.

"Nequidquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus,
Parte ferox ardensque oculis . . .
. . . . pars vulnere clauda retentat
Nixantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem."

The proceedings in the theatre were a little dull. The young gods of the gallery had been conjured to be good; had been threatened with the direful consequence of foreclosed proceedings and abolished Commemoration if they were naughty. They therefore, after exhausting their preliminary fire of cheers, and violent expressions of opinion, relapsed into an almost awful decorum, the most perfect test of which was that their famous *bête-noire*, the public orator, was almost uninterrupted. "Sinful brother, part in peace," they said or seemed to say. The English poem on Marie Antoinette was well received because well heard. The other compositions were mumbled in dumb show. George Peabody was the lion of the day; his honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred amid what reporters called "tumultuous applause."

The term has ended with a hot fire of fellowships. St. John's and Wadham coming first; then Exeter and Lincoln cutting across each other; and lastly Corpus. Perhaps the hardest conceivable work is that frequently undertaken by an unsuccessful candidate, to enter his name at two or three colleges, and run the whole gauntlet of them in succession. But even these exhausted mortals may say "*dabit deus his quoque finem*;" and to them and to us lies open the green vista of Long Vacation; hints of salmon streams, of reading parties, of snowy Alps, of interminable croquet, while the Oxford streets look thin, and the blinds are drawn in College windows, and residents creep away family by family, till in August scarcely any one remains but the turncock and the *locum tenentes* for the rustivating parish clergy.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(FIFTH NOTICE.)

WIDE as the range of subjects necessarily must be from which the modern painter has to derive his inspiration, it is, after all, the treatment of his subject rather than the choice of theme itself which affords the surest index of his taste. In judging of such a picture as Mr. Wynfield's "*Oliver Cromwell the Night before his Death*" (494) we cannot forget, first, that the scene is one of historical interest, and secondly, that the point selected for illustration also appeals to the gravest sympathies of domestic life. In either light this work seems to us a complete success. Every one knows the character of that cheap sentiment with which a common painter would have pointed his moral. Here we have the expression of earnest thought embodied in a form which is the very reverse of melodramatic. Its technical excellence is quite worthy of its conception. Solemn and effective in composition as well as in distribution of light and colour, it indicates a depth of artistic power which, so far as we remember, Mr. Wynfield has never shown before, and in more than one sense places him in the foremost rank of this year's exhibitors.

Under the title of "*Tenderness*" (498) Miss M. E. Edwards sends a carefully-rendered study of a young lady in a modern but picturesque dress of white muslin lying on a carved settle with a tiger skin beneath her head and a child at her side. As an example of purely naturalistic treatment this picture would be a very successful one but for the painting of the child's head, which is far below not only the artist's general ability, but the skill with which the rest of this scene is depicted.

There is much feminine grace as well as *abandon* in the "*Knuckle-bone Player*" (500) of Mr. F. Leighton. It is only the noble refinement of his conception which atones for the sensuous refinement of his touch, and in this year's display we have more than one example of his highest power and greatest weakness. Why Mr. A. Hughes should call his picture "*L'Enfant Perdu*" (506) instead of "*The Lost Child*" we are at a loss to conceive, but there is some sympathy between the affectation of the title and the unreality of the incident represented. By "*unreality*" we do not mean of fact, but of sentiment. Every detail of the

scene is rendered with wondrous care, but the attitude of the figures is stagey. Maternal solicitude might surely be indicated in a less conventional manner than by letting the lady place her hand upon her heart. The child itself exhibits neither grief nor terror at the plight from which it is being rescued. The group of children in Mr. Hughes's "Birthday Picnic" (418) is far more true to nature, with less dramatic purpose. Mr. J. Faed's "Ballad" (518)—the interior of a rustic kitchen, occupied by an old farmer reading to two would-be buxom beauties (in reality fat and vulgar-looking women, without an atom of rural grace about them), who turn round to listen with improbable smiles—is one of many pictures which annually remind us how completely a painter may master the mere faculty of representation (for there is admirable painting in this picture) and yet fall short of poetry in art. "Faces in the Fire" (519)—a ragged, half-starved girl, sitting on the floor of a poverty-stricken room, and gazing at a cheerless hearth—by Mr. F. Holt, jun., with far less labour, and indeed far less delineative skill than Mr. Faed's picture indicates, at once attracts attention by the originality of its treatment and the genuine, because unconscious, pathos of its sentiment. Mr. Archer's "Introduction" (534)—a grandee of the sixteenth century presenting a young cavalier to his daughter—is full of dignity and skilful handling. "St. Anthony's Day" (542)—a Campagna cattle-drover paying for a formal certificate of the benediction which his beasts have received in accordance with a venerable and pious usage of his Church is a characteristic and clever work, evidently studied on the spot, by Mr. E. Long. Another Roman picture—"After Mass" (544), by Mr. C. Calthrop (who, we believe, not long ago carried off the gold medal as a student of the R.A.), though somewhat academical in treatment, is entitled to no small praise for care and fidelity of execution, though it is somewhat unfortunate in flesh-tints. With a passing glance at Mr. R. Hannah's modest, though bright and pleasant-looking picture, the "Ridge on the Shingle" (543), we must now pass on to the once neglected, but now favourite North Room.

Here, still following the categorical order of the pictures, we may first mention Mr. W. J. Webb's "Street in Jerusalem" (563), a large and laboured work, faithful, no doubt, in point of scene and incident, but hot in colour, and scattered in composition. The "Luther and Melancthon" (570) of Mr. N. Wallis is a picture which has many excellent qualities to recommend it, and for careful study of detail is well worthy of the artist's name. But the head of the Reformer is somewhat hard in execution, and that of the female figure undeniably weak. Her dress is, moreover, unsatisfactory in colour, for though green and blue are often opposed with good effect, these particular shades of green and blue certainly do not harmonize with each other. Mr. V. Prinsep has changed his style from time to time, and that which he has adopted this year is by no means the happiest. His "Venetian Gaming-house in the Sixteenth Century" (573) is full of character and bold drawing, but the distribution of light and shade is hardly justified by the conditions of effect aimed at, viz., a night-scene; while the colours selected seem precisely those of which the tendency is to destroy that effect.

Two of the most remarkable sea-pieces in the Exhibition hang in this room. One, a coast scene (572), by Mr. G. L. Hall, a desolate, weird-looking place, with angry waves lashed into spray before the wind as they roll mournfully in upon the level sandy shore; the other, by Mr. Brett, takes us into open sea—"Lat. 53° 15' N., long. 5° 10' W."—where we find the lumpy water, laced here and there with creamy foam which lies flat upon its surface, sulkily subsiding after a storm. A brilliant rainbow spans the ocean, and a gleam of sunlight illumines with startling brilliancy a distant lugger in full sail. It is impossible to conceive a greater difference than that which is manifest in the treatment of these two pictures. Mr. Brett's work is mapped out inch by inch with a fidelity which would have been marvellous in the portraiture of motionless nature, but which here represents a perfect triumph of memory and pictorial skill. Mr. Hall's delineation, though masterly and artistic, is but suggestive. May we not congratulate ourselves in having two distinct motives and phases of art so well represented in our English school?

The "Roman Mother" (574) is a grand head by Leighton boldly painted and free from the false refinement which too often pervades his work, and which in the features of his "Venus Disrobing for the Bath" (589) becomes positively sickly. It is astonishing that an artist of such acknowledged taste and ability should perpetuate a fault to which his sincerest admirers cannot be blind. There is probably no other living English painter who could have executed this life-size figure of Venus with so great a knowledge of his art and ability to fulfil its requirements. But the smirk of the goddess is intolerable and detracts from half her charms, while the flesh tints of the figure are idealized after a fashion which perverts instead of representing or even suggesting the colour of nature. It may be a question whether the portrait of a naked woman, under the name of a mythological deity, is or is not suited to the highest development of modern taste. But there can be no doubt that if such a representation is attempted, at all events regard should be paid to those elements of physical beauty which in the best ages of art have been universally admired and accepted. In direct contrast to Mr. Leighton's usual method of execution may be instanced the portrait of Herr Joachim, by Mr. G. F. Watts (619). Here we have evidence of a vigorous brush united with great knowledge of effect, and an honest, though perhaps not very subtle, appreciation of colour. Of subject pictures in the room by far the most remarkable both for concep-

tion and skill of handiwork is Mr. Watson's "Parting" (587), a tragic incident in domestic life—say two hundred years ago. The date is of little consequence, for the story, if we interpret rightly the painter's intention, is an old one. But it is noteworthy how utterly dependent we are on the dress and appointments of a past age for the expression of sentiment on canvas. Dress this injured and gallant gentleman in a frock-coat, portray his remorse-stricken wife or mistress sinking on her knees in a crinoline, and we should turn from the picture with a conviction that such a scene was unfit for representation. Yet incidents of such a kind occur in the nineteenth as well as in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. To the tailor and upholsterer we owe not a little of that which makes the difference between the sublime and the ridiculous in modern art. Of Mr. Watson's picture itself, however, we need only add that it is admirable in every respect.

Mr. Armitage sticks to the nineteenth century for inspiration, but he has invested his "Lesson" (594) with a charm of colour which will probably puzzle those who are not initiated into the mysteries of pictorial effect in an artist's home. Mr. Hodgson's "Evening" (599)—the interior of an old church with the rays of the setting sun streaming in through its open porch during vespers—is a clever rendering of a difficult effect of light, and successful in almost every respect, except in the treatment of a group of figures to the right of the foreground.

Of Mr. Archer's "King Henry II. and Fair Rosamond" (620), we can only say that it is infinitely superior to what pictures of this class usually are, though not equal to either of the other works which he exhibits this year.

A large and ambitious picture by Mr. A. B. Donaldson hangs on the north side of this room, and, like many others on the same wall, suffers from an unfortunate light and elevation. It is called the "Garden of Faith" (626), and represents the various arts, sciences, and pursuits of mediæval times, symbolized by figures grouped round a large baldacchino, or high altar. The subject seems more suitable for fresco decoration than for an oil-picture. It displays, however, considerable talent and great industry. Portions of the landscape, &c., seem to be painted with a strong predilection for early art. Just below it is Mr. F. Walker's picture, a group of boy "Bathers" (627), most of them stripped to the skin, and playing on the banks of a river. Those who would appreciate the full force and fidelity of this work should look at it through the door of the South Room. In its present light and position it appears spotty and unpleasant in execution. Of its great originality and delineative power there can be no doubt. Among the other more remarkable pictures in the north room are Mr. G. D. Leslie's low-toned but charming river-side scene, "Willow, Willow" (656), Mr. Boughton's "Early Puritans of New England" (657), "The Minuet" (628), an exquisite child-like portrait by Millais, "The unwilling Playmate" (658), a sketchy, but very clever rural landscape, with figures, by G. Mason, Sir N. Paton's "Fairy Raid" (643), and Miss Blunden's "Tintagel" (672), a coast scene, which, for intense accuracy of effect and careful workmanship, is surpassed by nothing in the Exhibition but the sea-piece by Brett, which we have already mentioned.

MUSIC.

SIGNS of the approaching termination of the London musical season are already apparent; the close of the Royal Italian Opera being announced for this day three weeks, little more than a fortnight after the production of Gounod's "Romeo e Giulietta," which is promised for Thursday next. The great serial orchestral concerts are over for the season, the fifth and last performance of the New Philharmonic having been recorded by us the week before last, and the eighth and final concert of the elder Philharmonic Society having taken place last Monday. On this occasion the programme contained two special features—a Pianoforte Concerto (No. 4) by Herr Antoine Rubinstein, performed by himself, and Professor Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in G minor, with an added movement, completing the prescribed symphonic form in which it was previously deficient. Herr Rubinstein's powers as a pianist and a composer are so much vaunted by a large circle abroad, and a limited few here, that he must be judged by a high standard in both capacities. Although still comparatively young he has produced a large number of works in some of the highest forms of the art, in most of which his admirers profess to find evidence of great and original genius; qualities which we fail to perceive in such of the compositions of Herr Rubinstein as have come within our notice. Exaggerated dimensions in form, pretentious inflation of style, a crude and ill-fused association of phrases, are, in themselves, signs rather of the rude exercise of a strong effort at self-assertion than the manifestation of an innate originality which makes itself inevitably apparent by other and more subtle mediums than convulsive spasmodic struggles. The two best movements of Herr Rubinstein's concerto are the first and second; but in neither of these do we find a single trait of originality, and but little charm even from borrowed sources. The second subject of the first movement has some grace but no individuality of character; while the movement as a whole, although of extreme length, is neither large and comprehensive in design or coherent in construction. The second movement, "Moderato assai," is better, inasmuch as it is shorter and less full of bombastic pretentiousness; but such agreeable melody and grace of passage as it may contain might easily be concocted from paraphrastic reminiscences of Chopin's "Nottornos." The last movement is

little better than a musical (or rather unmusical) nightmare. Such a piece of mere rampant, empty bluster, prolonged to a positively aggravating length, it has seldom been our misfortune to sit through. In the interests of musical art it is impossible to protest too strongly against the acceptance of such shams as the product of original thought or of real power. Power of such a kind, compared with that of the great masters, is as the rude shambling of a costermonger to the dignified attitude of a Hercules. Not only as a composer, but also as a pianist, has Herr Rubinstein apparently been overrated by enthusiastic friends; that he has great execution we admit, but it is in what may be colloquially described as the "slashing" style, frequently more adventurous than finished; sometimes achieving enormous difficulties, but not always with equal success. Herr Rubinstein's performance was received with considerable applause on its termination; sufficient, together with the faith in his greatness held by his admirers, to counterbalance the present expression of our opinion of his exaggerated claims. Professor Bennett's symphony, which was originally composed for the Philharmonic Society, and performed at the last concert of 1864, then consisted only of an allegro, a minuet and trio, and a final rondo; to which have now been added a middle movement—a "Romanza," in which a graceful stream of flowing melody is given to the tenors (violas), accompanied by some charming orchestral writing. Both this and the other portions of the symphony were received with general expressions of satisfaction, the minuet being encored, and the composer called forward at the termination of his work. The other instrumental pieces were Beethoven's symphony in C minor, Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser," and Weber's "Jubilee" overture. The lady vocalists were Mdles. Titiens and Christine Nilsson, the latter of whom was enthusiastically received, and her brilliant singing of the Queen of Night's song (from "Die Zauberflöte") encored; the remainder of the vocal selection consisting of "Deh Vieni," from Mozart's "Figaro," by Mdle. Titiens; the duet from the same opera, "Sull'aria," by Mdles. Titiens and Nilsson (encored), and Donizetti's "Fra poco," by Mr. Hohler. At the close of the concert Mr. Cusins, the conductor, was called forward and received with loud and general applause; a tribute justly due to his successful exertions in the improvement of the orchestral performances at the Philharmonic Concerts since his recent appointment as conductor.

Herr Schachner's oratorio, "Israel's Return from Babylon," was given at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night, in aid of the funds of a meritorious institution for the relief of poor children suffering from chronic disease of the joints—the occasion being rendered special by the appearance of the Duchess of Newcastle, and the wife of the Bishop of Gloucester (Mrs. Ellicott), as the principal solo sopranos; in both cases with an efficiency of voice and style that would have been estimable in professional singers, and was scarcely to be expected from amateurs, however distinguished. In various instances, and especially in the long recitative, "Lift up your eyes" (encored), the Duchess sang with a purity of vocal style and earnestness of expression that were admirable without any reference to condition or circumstance. Mrs. Ellicott was equally successful, particularly in the cavatina, "Come not, O Lord," which was given with great refinement. The other solo singers were Miss Palmer, Messrs. Lyall and Hohler, and Signor Foli. The orchestra and chorus, conducted by Herr Schachner, were excellent, and their performance throughout admirable. Of the oratorio itself, originally produced at Exeter Hall, and afterwards repeated at the Worcester Festival, we need not now say more than that hitherto it has only found a hearing by the force of powerful influence and patronage in aid of charitable purposes.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

The boldness of amateur actors appears to increase with time and practice. The man who begins timidly as a spouter at a suburban lecture-hall, advances, not always by degrees, to the regular theatre, and pushes professional actors from their stools. We have amateur orchestras, amateur scene-painters, and amateur property-men. The sacred platform of Exeter Hall is no longer free from the encroachments of these irrepressibles. The Duchess of Newcastle appears as a vocalist in an oratorio. Strand burlesque, that curious compound of singing, acting, and flash dancing, has been attacked and carried by a company in which both Houses of the Legislature took a share, to say nothing of several commoners of distinction. Strand burlesque has doubtless often been struggled through, after a fashion, in back-drawing-room theatricals, but it was left for the Marquis Townshend, Lord A. P. Clinton, M.P., and Messrs. Bowles, Younghusband, and R. R. and W. L. Maitland, &c., to represent it in the home of its birth for the benefit of Mrs. Swanborough on Monday last. The piece selected was Mr. Byron's "Ivanhoe," and to do full justice to the incidental "business," Master Florence Maitland, a pretty youth about eight or ten years of age, was introduced to go through a dance that was once the pride and glory of Field-lane, and practised by young thieves on the cellar-flaps of public-houses. There was no lack of proficiency in any of the performers, with the exception of the noble Marquis, and he had very little to do. An amateur circus, with a moderate allowance of easy tumbling, will doubtless be the next novelty for jaded play-goers.

On Thursday night Mr. Buckstone took his annual benefit at the Haymarket Theatre and delivered one of his usual speeches, in which he promised new dramas for next season by Mr. Falconer

and Dr. Westland Marston, the return of Mr. Sothorn, and defended the production of a "Wild Goose" not so much on the ground that it was successful as that "The Bleeding Nun" and "Three-fingered Jack" were first represented years ago at the same theatre. He explained his reasons for not putting the chief piece of the evening later, to meet the altered dinner-hour of the upper classes, but these reasons were not very powerful or convincing. He also alluded to the increase of theatres in London, and the assumed consequent diminution of managerial profits. George Colman's the Younger comedy, "Who wants a Guinea?" was revived.

An afternoon performance, for the benefit of the widowed mother of the lamented young artist, Paul Gray, has been organized for to-day, Saturday, the 6th July, by the staff of *Fun* and other friends of the deceased draughtsman. Mr. Buckstone has kindly lent the Haymarket for the purpose. Popular artistes from the Adelphi, Princess's, Olympic, New Royalty, and Prince of Wales's Theatres have generously given their services, by kind permission of their respective managers; and a new and original burlesque, called "Robinson Crusoe," will be performed.

SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THE subject of "Black Death" which has recently attracted so much attention from the public and the medical profession was very fully discussed at the meeting of the Epidemiological Society on Monday night. Three papers, all relating to the recent epidemic in Ireland, were read before the meeting, one by Dr. Mapother, one by Dr. Lyons, and one from the Army Medical Department. All pointed to the fact that the peculiar malady which is now prevalent in Ireland, and of which we have had two cases in London within the last fortnight, is identical with the European epidemic of Cerebro-spinal Meningitis, which Dr. Burdon-Sanderson has so ably reported on. Little, however, was elicited as to the cause of the disease, which still appears to be a mystery. Evidently it is not contagious, and not confined to any particular classes. Nevertheless, it is a disease of a fearfully destructive character, and which proves rapidly fatal—the average duration of the attack being about forty-two hours, but many cases terminating fatally in five or six hours. Its mortality at first reached 80 per cent. of those attacked. Dr. Lyons thinks it is allied to yellow fever, Dr. Mapother imagines it to be a combination of scurvy and typhus (!), Dr. Jenner states it is most akin to small-pox, while Dr. Sanderson considers it to be connected with a purulent deposit at the base of the brain. Who shall decide?

A new microscopic lamp, which has been brought out by Messrs. Murray & Heath, seems likely from its construction to be useful to the scientific worker. Its peculiarity is that the stand is formed of three telescopic cylinders which slide one within the other, and the smallest of which is the oil-reservoir. As the sliding movement takes place spirally on a screw-thread, any degree of elevation or depression may be obtained. The absence of reflector and condenser is, however, a disadvantage not to be overlooked.

A French philosopher of the Zadkiel type announces the discovery of a mode of preparing the "vital fluid"! The announcement is all the more astonishing from the singular simplicity of the means employed in preparing this patent vitality. The discoverer evidently aims at an analogy with electric operations, the better to insure the complete delusion of his dupes. A porous vessel, he says, is filled with caustic ammonia, and placed in a larger vessel containing molasses; a silk thread is then attached to the porous vessel, and another is placed in the molasses. When the circuit is completed by the person to be vitalized holding one of the threads in each hand, the result is what the discoverer terms, a "very considerable effect."

M. Philipeaux has been repeating his curious experiments on the regeneration of limbs. In October last he operated on several specimens of that singular reptile the Mexican Axolotl. From one half of the animals experimented on he removed the fore-limb completely, excising the shoulder-blade as well as the "extremity" attached to it. From the remainder of the specimens he merely nipped off the limb below the head of the bone, which was left undisturbed. Eight months have now elapsed since the experiments, and the following are the results:—In the first batch the wound has healed up, but no regeneration has taken place. In the second perfect limbs have appeared. These facts are another proof of M. Philipeaux's theory that regeneration of the limb depends on the presence of the basilar portion, shoulder-blade or hip-joint as the case may be.

If we accept the statements which have just been made by Messrs. Wanklyn & Chapman, we must admit that the analyses of the London waters have been hitherto extremely unsatisfactory. The method pursued by Dr. Frankland in estimating the organic impurity of water, has been, we believe, to deduct the amount of nitrogen as nitrates, nitrites, and ammonia, from the total amounts of nitrogen. That this mode would give very unreliable results is evident from the experiments described by the two chemists we have referred to. This in some measure accounts for the extraordinary character of some of Dr. Frankland's reports on the analysis of the metropolitan waters, from which we learn (!) that the Thames was nearly completely free from organic matter in March, but was highly charged with sewage impurity in May. We regret we cannot go into further detail, as the question is one of the highest sanitary importance.

The silkworm epidemic, which has been productive of such terrible ravages in the French silk-farms, has been shown by M. Balbiani and others to be due to the presence in the tissues of the silkworm of a number of very peculiar vegetable bodies, called *pebrine corpuscles*. Hitherto, the affection has resisted all therapeutic efforts to stay its progress; but there seems some reason to think that a remedy which has been just proposed is likely to be successful. M. Brouzet proposes to employ baths of a dilute solution of nitrate of silver in treating the diseased worms. He takes the larvæ after the fourth moult, and dips them for a few seconds into the solution referred to, and finds that in four days all the symptoms of the affection disappear. His experiment was conducted on forty-six worms, all of which, save four, were completely restored to health.

The French are making fresh discoveries of bituminous shale, capable of yielding petroleum by distillation. One of the most-recently worked deposits is that of Vagnas, in Ardèche, which has been carefully described by M. L. Simonin. It belongs essentially to the Tertiary formation, and is more strictly of the "Bog-head" type than of the bituminous shale series. Its texture is dense and compact, resembling a carbonized and compressed peat. The peaty character is still further shown by the presence of a number of vegetable fibres, which may be seen with the naked eye, and which pass from the surface into the interior of the deposit. This substance yields about five per cent. of the pure oil and a larger quantity of secondary products.

The "Food Committee" of the Society of Arts has sent in part of its report to the Council. It does not indicate any very important results, as indeed might have been anticipated, from the fact that those who formed the committee, with a few exceptions, understand nothing of the scientific aspects of the question, and moreover pursued their investigations upon no systematic scheme. The one result arrived at of any significance is not remarkable for its novelty. It is, that the best method of preserving unsalted meat is that which has been adopted by the Australian Meat Company. "The beef arrives in tins from which the air has been excluded, and from the heat employed is sufficiently cooked to be eaten without further dressing." The Committee evidently have doubts as to its palatable properties, for they recommend in future the removal of a larger amount of fat in the process of preparation.

A bold hypothesis, which has the peculiarity of being extremely materialistic, has just been put forward by Dr. James Morris relative to the action of those small nervous centres which are known to physiologists as ganglia. Not content with the general expression of opinion that nerve-force has intimate relations with electricity, Dr. Morris goes further, and urges upon us the belief that the ganglia are electric "commutators;" that is to say, that their office is to regulate the direction of the nervous currents, now sending them in one direction, now in another, according to circumstances. It is nearly impossible to disprove the hypothesis, but for ourselves we cannot see the faintest analogy between the two.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THERE has been little during the past week to vary our ordinary experience of the effect produced on the money market by the close of the Midsummer half-year. Discounts have been more in demand, and money less plentiful; but these are unfailing characteristics, and hardly give rise to any remark. One point, however, deserves to be noticed. The present period is one of those rare occasions when the charge for discount has been uniformly below the Bank minimum. Generally speaking it is for some seven or eight days before and after the 30th of June maintained at a point at least equal to, if not higher than, the official terms. At present $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has been readily accepted, while many transactions have taken place at $2\frac{1}{4}$. It was therefore supposed in some quarters that the rate of discount would have been reduced yesterday, at the Bank, to 2 per cent.; and, practically, there seems no reason for deferring this inevitable movement. The close of the quarter, followed by the occurrence of the 4th of the month, has doubtless given the Discount Office some accession of business, but it cannot, looking at all the circumstances of the market, have been to any great extent. As long as trade remains in its present stagnant position tenders are sure to be numerous, and borrowers few. Hence we find that precisely at one of those times of the year when the demand for capital is exceptionally heavy, in 1867 it is, comparatively speaking, exceptionally light. It is no advantage to the country at large that capitalists should be unable to get a fair return for the use of their means. In one respect it is a direct discouragement to the accumulation of capital, and thus becomes a formidable bar to future enterprise. If persons are unable to employ money profitably and safely they will soon cease to save it. It therefore follows that in the interest of commerce at large low rates of discount prolonged beyond a certain period do more harm than good. A certain immediate profit may be gained by the trading classes, but it is purchased at a real prospective loss.

The influx of gold from America shows no signs of diminution, and, as we have already remarked, what is of chief importance, the great bulk of these supplies are retained here. Nor does there appear any probability that even an insignificant portion will be taken for abroad. The foreign exchanges exhibit increased firmness, and the bullion at the Bank of France is augmenting at an unprecedented rate. Money is as little wanted in Continental Europe as it is here, although doubtless the various Governments would be inclined to accommodate British investors with fresh batches of bonds upon almost any conditions. The public, however, seems to have taken a wise prejudice against these securities, and whether they are backed by a special guarantee or not, makes but few offers, to the great chagrin of enterprising commissioners. The English funds form the favourite channel for investments, notwithstanding that prices have somewhat given way under the pressure of sales by purchasers at the previous low quotations. Still the market is inherently good, and there seems little doubt that, with the turn of the quarter, buying will again be as active as ever. Just now the public cannot get over the distrust which appears to extend to nearly all other classes of securities, old or new. At one time some little revival of confidence was felt regarding railway stocks, but it has quickly vanished. The proceedings in Parliament during the past week have not been encouraging. The Great Eastern Finance Bill has been rejected, and another great company has thus been brought within the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor's Court. Similarly, the questions at issue between Messrs. Peto & Co. and the London, Chatham, and Dover, promise to open a wide field for adverse and costly litigation. With these facts before them, the speculative operators for the fall have lost no time in propagating a whole shoal of unfavourable rumours, all the chief lines being attacked in turn. The worst feature of the case is that, looking at the past management of railway companies, it is not at all unlikely that the reports will turn out true. If it is said that the — and — are at their wits' end to raise means with which to meet pressing liabilities, people begin at once to ponder upon and take to heart the notorious examples that have been lately afforded. The great difficulty is, of course, that of finance. But who knows what is the real financial position of any railway company in the kingdom? Certainly the auditors do not, nor the shareholders, nor, in all probability, even the majority of the board. To the great mass of the partners in the concern such matters as temporary loans or the issue of Lloyd's bonds are a sealed book. After long practice the art of manipulating accounts has been carried to a perfection that will deceive even the most skilful experts. Not only ordinary men of business, but professional accountants of the highest eminence, have before now been effectually hoodwinked. It is an old axiom that confidence is a plant of slow growth; but it is equally true that genuine distrust is as tardy of development. For a long time a shareholder will continue to hope against hope, and to fancy that his speculation will turn out well; but at length his feelings change. This appears to be the result with respect to railway property. There can be no doubt that it offers a substantial security in itself, and that it provides a public convenience of the first necessity; hence it must be intrinsically valuable. On the other hand, it resembles an over-encumbered estate, or rather an estate on which it is impossible to tell the encumbrances, and it becomes a kind of lottery to guess whether the owners in fee simple will get any or what return. The last fact is now chiefly appreciated, and railway stocks are, in consequence, a comparative drug in the market.

Mr. Leeman's Sale of Shares Bill has just come into operation, and has created no little difficulty among the dealers in the Joint-Stock Bank department of the Stock Exchange. The latter are naturally averse to be compelled to forego a portion of their profits because the general public entertain a dislike to allow banking establishments and their shareholders to be ruined by adverse speculators. For this reason, it seems that the dealers have refused latterly to "make prices," which is pretty nearly tantamount to giving up business altogether. If they think by this means to put any pressure upon the public, they will find themselves woefully mistaken. It is not often that general opinion is unanimous, but certainly in the case of Mr. Leeman's salutary Bill, there has been no difference whatever.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about par, and the short exchange on London is $25\frac{1}{2}$ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is at about equal value in Paris and London.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

WAGES AND EARNINGS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.*

It is to be feared that Mr. Leone Levi has, in the course of his more recent experiences, fallen into the society of a certain fortunate newspaper proprietor, who has been heard to avow, with a confidence that accounts for much one has read in his daily columns, that "the only thing the public care about is style." Under this or some other equally malign influence, he has prefaced a series of useful reports on the wages and economical condition of the working classes with more than fifty pages of useless pretentious writing, full of galvanized vivacity, and provocative, surely, of nothing but distaste in all reasonable readers. Mr. Mill shrewdly discerned one of the main causes of the perpetual acceptableness of the Greek and Latin classics in their economy of words and abstinence from unneeded illustration. No man ever had a task less suggestive of grandiloquence or literary spasm than that which Mr. Levi undertook at Mr. Bass's request, nor does it appear that in performing it he thought it necessary to trouble the member for Derby with any pyrotechnics; but when the public were to be gratified, "style" was essential. And such style! "Lancashire," cries the professor, with needless emphasis, "is beyond doubt the seat of the cotton manufacture; look at Manchester, Oldham, Blackburn, and other manufacturing towns, apparently glorifying in their smoking chimneys, taller than Egyptian obelisks." "Vegetation," he exclaims in another burst, "covers the earth in every clime; but this spontaneous growth would afford but a limited supply of food were it not for the labour of the husbandman." If professors of political economy are to talk thus, what is to be left to infant schoolmistresses? "But look again. Very near that luxuriant field is a mine." Powers of darkness, think of that! "Descend it. Fear not to enter that dismal cavern. No inscription is at its portal—*Lasciate ogni speranza voi che ntrate*, 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.'" A coal-mine is no more an Inferno than Professor Levi is a Dante. So advance without fear. "And what do you see? Numbers of men groping in darkness amidst coal and metal, extracting riches from the very bowels of the earth. See those hewers, squatting down, froglike in attitude or absolutely lying upon their backs, driving their picks into the hard seam of coal; see that trapper, quite a little boy, sitting in darkness for hours and hours"—and you watching him—"opening the trap-door for the air current; or those drivers as they conduct the laden tubs of coal on long low waggons. How glad would you be, were your visit real instead of imaginary, quickly to seize the ladder or man engine, and ascend once more to the genial sunshine. And did I say enter ye freely into that fiery pit. Shudder indeed when you think of the many who so recently cheerily entered into their labour in the morning and in a few hours were the victims of an explosion of the fiery gases. Oh, what responsibility rests on those who, employing labour of so dangerous a character, fail to take the necessary precautions for the safety of the workmen!" Is this a young curate's first funeral sermon? By no means. It is style. It is what Professor Levi thinks will tempt the public to consider the wages and condition of the "forger"—a new name amongst industries, if we mistake not—the weaver, the spinner, the printer. "To estimate what the world owes to the invention of printing," he says in a passage teeming with his peculiar originality, "compare the present with the past state of society." A good general direction, but one which the Professor does not in the least help us to carry out. "Greece and Rome had their philosophers and moralists," he proceeds in his ever-instructive fashion, "who shone most brilliantly amidst surrounding darkness of ignorance; but when the seeds of knowledge were scattered plentifully through the press, the few units became a mighty host"—have we not in this glorious generation a thousand Virgils and a Demosthenes on every stump?—"and what was the privilege of the minority has become the inheritance of the many." In fine, what was the age of Pericles or of Augustus to the age of Levi? Even the innocence of labour must be rhetorically established before this economist, in all but words and "style," can advance to the business he has in hand. "Are we wrong in caring for our material interests?" He thinks not. "The soul acts through the body. As yet mind is inclosed within matter." And so on for many equally pregnant sentences. Space would utterly fail us to prove from the Professor's pages that strikes interrupt work; that perseverance is essential to success; that ill health may render perseverance impossible; that want of skill may render good health as unprofitable as bad; that moral character is invaluable even to the persevering, skilful worker who never had a day's illness. Let us take these revelations for granted and turn rather to the more common-place subjects upon which, in spite of his magniloquence, we believe Mr. Leone Levi speaks with authority derived from an aptitude for such inquiries and great conscientiousness in making them.

"The present rates of wages in this country," he says, "may be said generally to be fair and remunerative, though a considerable difference obtains in different trades and occupations in different districts, and even in different times of the year. The general

* Wages and Earnings of the Working Classes, with Some Facts Illustrative of their Economic Condition, drawn from Authentic and Official Sources, in a Report to M. T. Bass, Esq., M.P. By Leone Levi, F.R.S., F.S.A. London: John Murray.

average rates resulting from the extensive inquiry hereafter instituted appears to be, for adult males, 22s. 6d. in England and Wales, 20s. 6d. in Scotland, and 14s. 4d. in Ireland; for boys and youths under twenty, 6s. 6d. in England, 7s. 8d. in Scotland, and 6s. 3d. in Ireland; for adult women, 12s. 6d. in England, 10s. 6d. in Scotland, and 9s. 9d. in Ireland; and for girls, 8s. 6d. in England, 8s. 2d. in Scotland, and 7s. 4d. in Ireland. The total average in the United Kingdom being 19s. for adult males, 7s. 3d. for boys under twenty, 11s. for adult women, and 7s. 10d. for girls. Between mechanics and labourers the difference in wages is great. The mechanic or artisan, such as joiners or carpenters, designers, spinners, engineers, puddlers, moulders, forgers, shipwrights, modellers, and throwers in potteries, and other skilled workers, earn easily 30s., 40s., and even 50s. per week. Common weavers, agricultural labourers, dock labourers, and all those classed as common labourers, earn from 12s. to 25s. per week, the hours of labour being usually from ten to twelve hours a day, though in some cases longer hours are required, and overtime is paid. In comparison with some foreign countries, the wages in England appear high. From reports given recently regarding the condition of the collieries and iron forges in Belgium, it seems that in coal-mining hewers earn 2s. 10d. to 4s. 2d., wood-tree setters, 3s. 1d. to 5s., wood-cutters' sawyers, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d., and leaders of coal, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d.; sundries, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per day. In this country, in Newcastle and its neighbourhood, hewers earn 5s. 9d., sawyers, 3s. 6d., and labourers 2s. 4d. to 3s. In iron furnaces a puddler in Belgium earns 4s. 2d. to 5s.; in Staffordshire, 7s. 6d. to 7s. 10d.; the underhand in Belgium, 2s. 3d. to 3s. 1d.; in this country, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d. In iron foundries a moulder in Belgium earns 2s. to 2s. 11d.; in Sheffield, 5s.; and so in other branches of labour. In France the wages are also lower than in this country. In 1860 the Chamber of Commerce of Paris instituted an inquiry into the state of industry in that metropolis, and the general results were that, out of 290,759 men whose earnings were ascertained, as many as 212,000 earned from 3 to 5 francs a day, or an average of 4 francs a day; women earning from one-half to 2 francs a day. These wages, however, applied to Paris only, and did not include agricultural labour or other lower-paid occupations, especially in the provinces. Whilst in this country the engine-drivers earn 7s. 6d. a day; in Prussia first-class drivers earn 5s., and second 3s. 9d. In the United States of America, the Statistical Bureau of Washington recently published the wages paid in four places in the North, viz. Hartford, in Connecticut; Tunkhannock, a town in the iron regions of Pennsylvania; Tiffin, an agricultural town in Ohio; and Cairo, at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi river, the extreme southern point of Illinois. Taking into account that the wages are paid in paper money, the averages were, carpenters, Hartford, 2 dols. 75 cents; Tunkhannock, 3 dols.; Tiffin, 3 dols.; and Cairo, 3 dols. 50 cents, or 14s. or 15s. a day; farm labourers, with board, in Hartford, 26 dols. 50 cents; in Tunkhannock and Tiffin, 27 dols. 50 cents per month, or 3s. to 3s. 6d. a day; but in Cairo 18 dols.; machinists, 3 dols. to 3 dols. 50 cents per day; ironfounders, 2 dols. 50 cents to 3 dols.; weavers, 1 dol. 50 cents in Hartford, and 2 dols. 50 cents in Cairo, or 6s. to 10s. a day. At Sydney, in Australia, carpenters earn 9s.; bricklayers, 10s.; plasterers, 9s.; painters, 8s.; bricklayers' labourers, 8s.; plumbers, 10s.; quarrymen 8s. to 10s. per day. But, however valuable these facts may be, it is idle to institute any comparison without calculating, on the one hand the cost of living, and on the other the rate of production. The colliers in Belgium may be as well remunerated at the low wages as those in Newcastle at the higher, if we take into account the cost of food and house rent; and the high rate paid in Sydney may be low when we calculate the high rent and cost of food."

In this passage may almost be said to be resumed the results of Mr. Levi's very extensive inquiries, and we believe them to be in the main accurate. It is particularly worth while to notice that he agrees with Mr. Factory-Inspector Redgrave, that the greater productiveness of English labour largely removes the inequality of pay which appears to exist between the British and most foreign workmen, even after allowing for the higher price of provisions. Of course, if the British operative does more work in a given time than the foreign workman, it is fair he should have more money; and in fact the rate of wages may in such a case be quite equal, though the amounts paid may be very dissimilar. At the same time it is evident that, though he only has what he deserves, the British workman, so far as his additional wages are not neutralized by the greater cost of living, does possess a greater power of enjoying life than his worse paid and less producing Continental brother. And it may be added that, for all purposes in which the cost of labour enters into the price of productions, any mode of life from which the workpeople cannot be weaned is a material element in the calculation. It is useless, for instance, to say that Englishmen might live on the food which satisfies Belgians. Only the direst necessity would compel them to do so, and the necessity would not be dire until the manufacture had considerably decayed. Hence the folly of all the recent comparisons by Messrs. Creed and Williams, and others, made with a view to the reduction of British wages by some determined alarmist coup.

When, as upon this subject, Mr. Levi forgets his "style" and writes like the sensible and well-informed man he is, what he says is well deserving of attention. For example, there is a brief oasis in this waste of rhetoric on the subject of working-class marriages which is full of suggestion. To those who are unacquainted with the way of life of our workpeople, Mr. Levi's statement that skilled artisans marry directly they are "out of their time," while unskilled labourers often marry even at an earlier age than this represents, will occasion much surprise; but it is in full accordance with the facts. Workmen do marry at an age which, to other classes, seems unaccountably early. Yet there doing so is not at all unaccountable. In the first place, their means—to put the matter delicately—will not permit them to

enjoy any of those pleasures in the absence of which men of other classes would not remain single. Then the position of a working-man lodger is very comfortless, and the possession of an establishment, however poor, is the invariable ambition of the class. So far there is nothing to complain of. But it is impossible not to feel that this rushing into matrimony also arises from the acquiescence of each workman in the dead level at which he arrives when the trade society syndicate pronounce him a competent workman, and also from a contentment with squalor which accounts for much that is bad in the condition of the class. The excessive number of labourers' families is, in fact, not only a cause, but an effect, of low ideas of happiness and of life. The same observation applies to the character of operatives' dwellings. Mr. Levi quotes an observation that a taste for more refined homes has yet to be acquired for the majority of our working men. Those who know them will not fully admit this, for most working men are quite capable of appreciating a "tidy place," as they do not forget to tell their wives upon many unpleasant occasions, but their demand for comfort is not an effectual one. They do not feel the necessity of it so deeply that they will not marry without it; or they deem a high degree of comfort so hopeless and marriage so indispensable, that they dismiss the subject, and, hoping for the best, put up the banns. These facts have their most practical bearing upon the subject of workmen's dwellings, which has never yet been properly coped with. A great improvement has taken place in workmen's dress since they began to wear clothes prepared for them at first-hand instead of inducing themselves in the cast-off garments of their superiors; and the same effect would follow if a fashion set in for erecting dwellings on a large scale suited for the needs of working people and adapted to create a taste amongst them for really healthy and comfortable dwellings. This is a supply, however, which must create, and not follow, the demand for it, though if the reform once took place the demand and the supply would soon work effectively together. With this purely social topic, however, Mr. Levi does not deal. The original object of his inquiries was to ascertain the total income of the working classes, and the conclusions at which he arrives are thus stated:—

"I have estimated upon very good basis, though necessarily in a general manner, that the 12,000,000 persons at work annually earn about £418,000,000. Comparing this income with the income of the middle and higher classes, I find that the income assessed to income tax, in the year ending the 5th of April, 1865, paid principally by the latter, amounts to £349,000,000, whilst a considerable addition should be made for the property of such class under £100, or not assessed to that tax. Apparently the difference between the income of the two classes is not so material; but when we take the number of persons belonging to each into account, the result is very different. If we take the working classes to number, as I have said, 22,000,000, and the middle and higher 8,000,000, it will follow that the £418,000,000 will give a proportional income per head of about £19 per annum or £85 per family, whilst the £349,000,000 will give a proportion of £43 per head, or £193 per family; these proportions, however, varying in the various grades of society from £20 to £300 per family in the working classes, and from £50 to £50,000 and upwards in the middle and higher."

The interest attaching to this statement is mainly derived from its more than confirming Mr. Gladstone's estimate based on a calculation in the *Edinburgh Review*, that the income of the working classes amounted to a quarter of a million a year. The deductions from Mr. Levi's figures which some critics would make in reference to the amount of time in each year during which working men on an average are out of work and the amount of money earned by members of their families would not reduce it below that which Mr. Gladstone adopted. The really useful portion of the book will long continue of value to economists. There has never been so minute and conscientious an account of the classification, the receipts, the business, out-goings, and the education of our working classes. Here Mr. Levi has rendered real service, and all who are interested in these subjects should possess themselves of what we believe will always be found a magazine of truth, carefully arrived at and succinctly disposed. An appendix gives the prices of articles of consumption and various kinds of labour since 1740 by means of figures taken from the books of Greenwich Hospital, and the information contained in this table will gratify curiosity and something more.

THE PYRENEES.*

THE world has had a surfeit of Switzerland during the last few years, and various baits are being now held out, to draw the tourist population of England to the Pyrenees. We do not expect that any very general success will attend this endeavour to divert the stream of mountain-bound travellers. The very causes which render the Pyrenees in many respects more rich and beautiful than the Alps, are so many reasons against preferring the barriers of Spain to the barriers of Italy. The valleys are considerably lower in elevation, averaging not much more than half the elevation of Alpine valleys, and are therefore richer in their products but less bracing in their climate. This comparative lowness of elevation has its advantage in giving the appearance of greater height to the

containing hills, and in this way the mountains of the Pyrenees can vie in grandeur with some of the loftier mountains of the Alps; but after all, we suspect that sublimity without fresh air does not suit the views of an Englishman jaded with office work, and the keenest climate will attract the greatest crowd. The difference, also, in the snow-line, is a matter of no inconsiderable importance. At whatever precise level we may fix its average height in the Alps, we must place it at least 500 feet higher in the Pyrenees, and when it is remembered how few very high peaks there are in the latter range, it will be seen that we have, so to speak, to burn the candle at both ends, cutting off all snow below 9,000 feet and all above 11,500. Now the travelling Englishman does love to see snow and ice. These are the chief characteristics which enable him to compare his own little mountains at home with the giants abroad, and which impart to the Alps the air of complete novelty which is so refreshing. Besides which, when the vast reservoirs of snow and *névé*, such as lie among the highest peaks of the Alps, are removed, the whole glacier system is dwarfed into nothing, and the lover of glacier scenery, equally with the scientific investigator of glacial action, is deprived of the main source of his enthusiasm. There is also a sort of feeling implanted in the breasts of our islanders, that rural France is dull and Spain throughout is dirty, so that tourists fear to find dirt and dulness in the border-land which lies between the two. And, to mention last the most powerful cause of all, fashion is against the Pyrenees. Nor is this a purely unworthy motive for choosing the old track rather than the new. Foreign travel is generally understood to open the mind, and it certainly supplies people with subjects of conversation. Now, socially speaking, it is of little use to open the mind towards a side which no one else can appreciate, or to acquire subjects of conversation on which no one else can converse. We all know with what intense relief we have discovered some time or other, at that hopeless stage that sets in about the end of the *entrées*, that the lady handed over to our charge has been in Switzerland, and can go beyond "yes" and "no" in that one subject alone of all we have been able to think of. This is no trifling matter, and we are very far from wishing to condemn those who choose the Alps as their summer's excursion, because every one has been there. The prevailing fashion of laughing at all such motives, as being petty and slavish, is indulged in at the expense of the respect due to all that gives proof of loyalty to that gregarious tendency which is at the bottom of our social institutions.

However, preferable or not to the Alps, either as a district for enjoying mountain scenery for a first time, or as a change after Switzerland, the Pyrenees have their case stated in the books before us, and stated, on the whole, as well as might be expected. Let us at once say that this second edition of Mr. Packe's "Guide to the Pyrenees" is exactly the sort of travelling companion one would wish to have. It is thorough and compact, giving sufficient information, and not too much. After long experience, a pedestrian tourist finds out at last that he cannot, with general convenience, carry about with him either a library of little books or a thick and large single volume, and so he is obliged to forego some portions of his expected pleasure, such, for instance, as the interest which attaches to the history of the country in which he may be. On this account, the excellent and exhaustive guide-books of Joanne (Johanne Mr. Packe prefers to call him) will never supersede a number of smaller guides, which are not worthy to be named in the same sentence with them. If anything, Mr. Packe errs on the side of saying too little of the history of his district. Such names as Fontarabie, Brèche de Roland, Orthez, and half a dozen more, seem to require some special exception to the rule which he has apparently laid down for his guidance. This short-coming, however, is the less to be regretted because it makes room for much general information of great value to scientific mountaineers, under which head we may especially notice a good list of ferns, with their habitat in the Pyrenees and also in other parts of the world, accompanied by a useful description of the technical terms employed in the science of ferns. We find, too, excellent tables for reducing barometrical observations, and rules for conducting various atmospheric investigations; also full reductions of weights and measures, and, in short, everything of this nature which can possibly be wanted. Mr. Packe's estimate of the cost of a tour is not extravagant, being forty pounds for six or seven weeks, including the journey out and back again. Such estimates are of little value, however, except as an extremely rough approximation to the probable expenses, and on the whole a Pyrenean tour may be expected to cost more than a tour of equal length in Switzerland, though the great saving that may be made in the matter of guides will, to a certain extent, adjust the unfavourable balance. Even in the Pyrenees, guides are sometimes absolutely necessary, and often advisable, as the melancholy death of Archdeacon Hardwick, some years ago, may testify. To the sportsman, the Pyrenees possess greater attractions than the Alps, the ibex being more approachable than the chamois, and the bouquetin not yet taking rank there with the dodo. The ptarmigan is fairly numerous, and the *gélinoite*; with regard to the capercaillie, Mr. Packe appears to be in some error when he describes it as the *coq de bruyère*, its true style and title being *grand coq de bruyère*, the shorter name having been appropriated by the grouse.

Mr. Blackburn's book is very handsomely got up, with tinted paper, large margins, and pleasant type. The illustrations are very numerous, and some of them are good. Beyond this we do not like to go, in the way of praise. It may be a foolish prejudice, but M. Doré's name is not in itself an attraction to us. Here, for instance, among illustrations of the Pyrenees, is a picture in

* Guide to the Pyrenees. By Charles Packe. Second edition. London: Longmans.

The Pyrenees. By H. Blackburn. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. London: Sampson Low, & Co.

A Peep into the Pyrenees. By a Pedestrian. London: Whittaker & Co.

which the artist gloats over a flabby mass of wallowing swine, with that insane love of the unpicturesque and the morally ghastly which too often guides his pencil. Mr. Ruskin was right when he protested against the laureate's gems being set by such a goldsmith; and there was a satire as pungent as unintentional in the name engraven on the book of his handiwork, Tennyson—Doré, gilded Tennyson—*χρυσωτὸν ἐξ ἀλοχρύσου*. At a meeting of the Royal Institution lately, Mr. Ruskin was much cheered when he gave expression to his views on this point, so there is some hope that the taste of our countrymen is coming round again into a more healthy direction. To pass by the pigs on page 45, and the pig on page 197, M. Doré certainly fails to give an adequate representation of such a scene as the famous Cirque de Gavarnie (p. 182). An ignorant reader would not understand from the engraving what a *cirque* might mean, and there is no idea of grandeur in the whole picture. The *cirques*, or *oules*, are the features on which the Pyrenees chiefly pride themselves, and M. Doré puts the great *cirque* of all infinitely below the *fer-à-cheval* of Sixt, or the Creux-de-Champs of the upper Ormonts, these being the only *cirques* which the Alps can offer for competition. The engraving of the Cirque de Gavarnie, a few pages further on, is better, but still inadequate. Both of these, we may add, bear M. Doré's name, which is not the case with all the illustrations of the book. The letterpress is agreeable enough at times, but is apt to be a little slipshod, as witness the following:—"In this, and in two other instances, we have availed ourselves of a friend's notes, when they have had a particularly favourable day for ascending." Lengthy quotations from other writers and from guide-books give some occasional value to Mr. Blackburn's pages, which otherwise have little of thoroughness or precision. Probably, tying on letterpress to given engravings is a difficult operation to perform scientifically and well.

The "Peep at the Pyrenees" is an agreeable little book, performing its function satisfactorily. That function is not a high one. No one will be able to guide himself through the Pyrenees on the strength of "a Pedestrian's" information; nor is his book a study of literary gems or descriptions of scenery. But any one who likes reading a quiet account of a foreign tour, written something in the style of a good home letter, but without involving the trouble of deciphering manuscript imprinted on thin paper by a fine steel pen, may turn with pleasure to this little book, and will leave it not without some profit.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON.*

If epics are drugs in the market, they seem to be very acceptable drugs; for within the past few months several epics have been added to the libraries. One erudite and impassioned Churchman has hymned in lofty numbers the mutability of time and glory of eternity, taking our first great epic poet as his model. Now, before us we have a smaller edition of Homer in voluminous verse, recording the adventures of another Ulysses. But our new poet evinces a certain skill in selection that is lucky for his heroes at all events; for, while unable to dispense with Circe and the Sirens, he has chosen a hero whose sweetheart is a sorceress herself, and niece to the dangerous goddess, and whose companions, with one stupid exception, are proof—without wax in their ears—against the wiles of the Sirens. The story of Jason has been often rehearsed both on and off the stage, in burlesque as well as in tragedy. Yet there was no reason why it should not be told elaborately and once for all. Keats had woven a thin fibre of mythology into a many-coloured fantasy of verse; why should not Mr. Morris do for Jason, and much more also, what Keats had done for Endymion? So long as the English muse will flit about the quagmires of mythology, and forsake the wholesome themes of a less remote and more stirring life, so long may ambitious poets revel in myths, and write in a month what posterity will not read in a century. For his own sake, indeed, we regret that Mr. Morris, a poet of some tried power and of more brilliant promise, devotes so bulky a volume of very good verse to so trite and grandiose a subject. Surely there was no lack of topics on which to exercise with equal success his unquestioned genius, and yet to secure for him the poet's meed of general and lasting applause. If he will sing to the few, he must keep to his cage, and be admired by the select and cultured. We admit that in spirit and form his poem is highly classical, but, at the same time, we may be pardoned for saying that his style is even better suited to a tale of old English life, where the Saxon nerve of his diction would be of greater avail. Were he now to compose a volume of long poems about chivalric types of character and giddy scenes of Arthurian adventure, his increased command of expression and his chastened thought would do him more justice not only than his former volume on such themes, but, masterly as it is, than the present work. Yet there is, perhaps, some explanation of the fatuity which has lured Mr. Morris into this mesh. His generous emotions have been awakened as well as his poetic fire kindled by the piteous tale of Æson's son and the daughter of fell Æetes. In short, he has a mind to see a different impression of their characters prevail. Unless we are to conclude that this poem is a patched-up fragment, we must hold to the above conviction. A poem having all the pretensions and many merits of the epic is somewhat oddly divided, as this is, into the inartistic and heterodox

number of seventeen books. The hiatus after the sixteenth book leads one, therefore, to suppose that the author originally proposed to keep to an even number, but either through stress of time or patience, or because of failing or feeble incident, abandoned his happier design. Nevertheless, Mr. Morris has shown great discrimination in preferring to elaborate the adventurous voyage of Jason in search of the fleece rather than to dwell on his stay at Corinth. Just where Euripides begins, Mr. Morris draws to a close, devoting only one book to the most tragical part of Medea's history. Nor is this unhappily contrived when we consider the poet's charitable aim.

It is a trick of modern times to rehabilitate mythic as well as historical personages. What her admirers have striven to do for Mary Stuart, Mr. Morris would fain accomplish for Medea. In his sight she is not the hag of sorcery so many have fancied her, but a discreet sorceress who employs her infernal agency ever to good purpose—even in her last revenge. To this fatal pass of vengeance she is hurried, not through hatred of Jason, but of his new spouse; for in her final words to him she confesses her abiding love for the chosen lord of her bosom. The sympathy of the reader is consequently quickened on her behalf, and at worst a reproachful commiseration steals over us when we gaze on this wreck of divine love and devotion. Whether or not this is true, right, and poetical, it is certainly charitable. However, so assiduous and cunning is Mr. Morris's art that he does not allow us to reflect solely on Jason, the despoiler of Medea's peace and love. In Jason's daring strength, persistent courage, and magnanimity there is ample exoneration of his great fault. His character is manly, unsuspecting, and generous. Because he is mortal and of a ready ear he is entrapped; for love may grow cold in the lapse of a decade, and resolution and confidence totter before the malice of a mythic Iago. Yet his is a grand figure when the poet paints him, in all his openness of heart, defending Medea against the insinuations of Creon; and yet later, when he reluctantly becomes a prey to jealousy. Jason is one of those inspired mortals, not unknown to-day, against whom barriers and opposition are in vain. When he appeared before Pelias, his royal mien was as potent to win him suffrages as was the renown of his prowess in Corinth. *Τιμή δ' ἐκ Διὸς ἔσσι* was an inscrutable pledge of kingly fitness, and no one has more of Jovine honour than this pupil of the Centaur. He is a model of active virtue, so soon as he has passed the vernal indolence of early days, and is no longer one of the brawny inactivities lacking the vein of impulse. His voice it is that cheers the desponding, his spirit that droops not in the face of disaster. Even when his heart is faint, effort keeps the blanch from his cheek, and his companions read courage in his eye and fortitude in his countenance. After a chequered career of godlike splendour he breathes his last where, next to the battle-field, a hero would wish to die. And this is the brave and good character Mr. Morris has sketched in the person of Jason. The old mythic hero pales before this completed creation; and if the champion Argonaut is somewhat modern and English in his brusque fashion, he is still one of the most valiant heroes ever conceived by a poet.

One thing further is plain—Mr. Morris has a shiftless and radiant conception of purpose in this character of Jason. Jason is the instrument of fate, the tool of Juno's vindictiveness. Construed in the obvious light of reasonable conjecture, the triumph of the fleece is the reward paid by the queen of heaven to this emissary of her wrath. Pelias had slighted Juno's altar, and Juno raises up Jason to gain his own, and right her at the same time. Divine retribution is consequently the motive power of the whole myth; and in visions Juno or her cherubic handmaidens are ever shaping decrees that beckon Jason to his destiny. Indeed, all is guided and controlled by the *Διὸς βουλή*. Alone the goddess cannot achieve the fell designs set before her, but it is given her to enlist the aid of Heaven, Earth, Sea, and Hell, who conspire to work like an artillery of fate against her offender. There is not one vestige of chance or fortune anywhere in the poem. The nearest approach to aught of a modern sort of haphazard belief is when Phineus' mystic dove is sent forth to tempt the direful strait. But here, too, fate may be said to have led Tiphys to suggest a visit to Salmydessus, and to have prepared the dove which is only, after all, a symbolical questioning of the Fates. Numerous passages might be cited to show that this is *par excellence* an epic of Pagan fate, more diverting, but not less harsh, than the sternest Calvinism in its tone. There is one terse sentiment of the kind at the close of the third book, round which is a garland of moralizing in the old Chaucerian spirit.

"The hopeless wish to flee from certainty"

sends a thrilling echo through the whole poem.

The deeds of heroes must be recorded in grave and majestic versification, each separate array of incidents coming stately as Titania with her train. In this gravity and stateliness Mr. Morris's poem does not lack, but it is in happy description—warmly realistic—and in flowing narration that he excels. Here and there we have an indication of dramatic power such as we little expected to find in Mr. Morris. Medea's first interview with Jason is a scene of vivid strength well-contrived, and animated by conflicting passions wondrously expressed. The narrations are seldom prolix, and they are always well sustained. There is none of that ornate volubility which distinguishes the young and gushing poet in his rainbow days. Epithets are appropriately and sparsely employed. Indeed, if anything, the poet's care has been scrupulous to a fault, for now and again the style is shaven to baldness. Closely has

* The Life and Death of Jason. By William Morris. London: Bell & Daldy.

he followed the old poetic style, so much so in truth that it is almost impossible to detect the influence of recent poets in any book of the epic. Here are lines in all the brief expressiveness of the ancient minstrel:—

"Then, being mounted, forth into the night
They rode, and thus has Jason left his home."

Nor is the source of inspiration whence flowed the following verses, less apparent:—

"But far away the sea-beat Minyæ
Cast forth the foam, as through the growing night
They laboured ever, having small delight
In life all empty of that promised bliss,
In love that scarce can give a dying kiss,
In pleasure ending sweet songs with a wail,
In fame that little can dead men avail,
In vain toil struggling with the fateful stream,
In hope, the promise of a morning dream.
Yet as night died, and the cold sea and grey,
Seemed running with them toward the dawn of day,
Needs must they once again forget their death,
Needs must they being alive and drawing breath,
As men who of no other life can know
In their own minds again immortal grow."

Here, again, is a morsel of description in the verisimilitude of the old masters:—

"They saw a spot of ground
Where laurels grew each side the temple door,
And two great images set up before
The brazen doors, whereof the one was She,
Who draws this way and that the fitful sea;
The other the great god, the Life of Man,
Who makes the brown earth green, the green earth wan,
From spring to autumn, through quick following days,
The lovely archer with his crown of rays.

Now over against this temple, towering high
Above all houses rose majestically
Æetes' marble house: silent it stood,
Brushed round by doves, though many a stream of blood
Had trickled o'er its stones since it was built,
But now unconscious of all woe and guilt,
It drank the sunlight that fair afternoon."

With one more specimen we must rest content, premising that there is hardly a page which does not show something quite as good:—

"Now hoisting sail, and labouring with the oar,
They passed along the amber-bearing shore,
A low coast, backed by pine-woods: none the less
Some days they needs must pass in idleness,
And lie-to, 'midst white rolling mist and blind,
Lest Argo on some shallow death should find;
Yet holpen by the steersman's mighty sire,
Safely they sailed until the land rose higher,
And through a narrow strait at last they went,
Brushing the unknown coast, where, with bows bent,
They saw a skin-clad folk awaiting them,
Who stood to watch the well-built Argo stem
The rushing tide upon the shingly beach,
And thence, as knowing that they could not reach
The heroes with their arrows, shook their spears,
And shouted unknown threats to careless ears."

To conclude, this is a daring attempt to express with Grecian force and freshness a tale endeared to the hearts of Thessalians. Here and there Mr. Morris has evinced his capacity to treat a classical theme of high import. The third book is a triumph of ancient art, and the fourteenth book itself might well make the reputation of a classical poet. Yet, after all, Mr. Morris has not that instinctive classicism we see in Mr. Swinburne. It is clear that painful cultivation has led him to this ultimate and conspicuous success. We do not need to recollect his weathercocks, shoals of mackerels, and the penny-steamer fiddling character of Orpheus to be convinced of the modernism of his thought and feeling and description. Mr. Morris's imagination is strong, but not strong enough to emancipate him from the hum and reflection of the nineteenth century. But when all is said we have to repeat that this is a poem remarkable for originality, freshness and vividness of description, and beauty and force of narration.

NEW NOVELS.*

"**LESLIE TYRRELL**" is a feeble and yet an interesting novel. It is made and spun out of the most meagre elements, and yet, from a certain womanly delicacy and a graceful undertone of sentiment, it is possible to read it from beginning to end. The naturalistic treatment of the story is capital, and the conversations are not below those of Mr. Trollope—at his worst. This is saying something for them, as we find in most of the novels which come before us an utter incapacity for reproducing dialogue. The story is as simple as the plot of a nursery rhyme. Leslie and Frank Tyrrell, brother and sister, lived twenty years

ago, in a house at Brompton. In those days Brompton was not as it now is. There were more trees, more birds, more blue sky, and less bricks and mortar. The house in which the Tyrrells lived formed so charming a retreat that Mr. Frank Arnold, of Gray's Inn, is induced to pay it a visit. Having visited it once it is only natural to suppose that he visits it often; and his frequent presence soon begins to subject him to the wit, the fascination, and the raillery of Miss Leslie Tyrrell, who is described as being in possession of those manifold attractions which are infinitely more common amongst the heroines of the romancist than the ladies of real life. At the first blush it appears he does not like her at all. He is the witness of a scene between Leslie and certain little children living in the house, in which Miss Tyrrell, even to the reader, much more than to the spectator, seems to disclose a very dubious disposition. After this he is introduced to Miss Hetty Noel, and Miss Tyrrell endeavours to get up a match between them, which results in a total failure. After many chapters of the mildest kind of talk, enlivened by no greater interest than a child tumbling out of bed, the falling of a house, the spraining of Frank Arnold's wrist, and the cutting of Miss Tyrrell's finger, the author makes Hugh Tyrrell marry Hetty and Frank Arnold marry Leslie. The interest of the book lies in the feminine instinct with which the authoress explains the apparent contradictions in such a character as that of Leslie Tyrrell, and in the manner in which the glow of real passion is made to warm and thaw a surface of affected and hard insensibility. Miss Craig, with more pains, could do better, and as it is, has done pretty well.

There are so many characters in "**Orville College**" that it is by no means easy to keep them all in mind. Nearly all the schoolboys have parts to perform more or less necessary to the action of the plot, and the result is the story is crammed with characters. But boys read with such enthusiasm and attention that there is not much fear of this fault, which would repel a full-fledged novel-reader, interfering with the enjoyment they will gain by perusing the tale. Indeed, it is a capitally written work—for boys, but for nobody else. It may be an experiment to serve it up in two volumes to the novel-reading community, but we fancy it would have stood a better chance of success had it been published in a cheap form, or at least at such a price as would have enabled any schoolboy to purchase it with a fortnight's pocket-money. In truth, school-life is a vein too well worked for any fresh labour bestowed upon it to render it palatable to the subscribers of Mudie's. Our business, however, is to consider it as a book for boys, and judging it from this point of view, it seems to us eminently good. It is somewhat surprising that a lady should have so successfully succeeded in hitting-off the language of schoolboys as Mrs. Wood has done. Our own recollections of that eventful period in our lives perfectly harmonize with Mrs. Wood's treatment of the subject. Moreover, a very great deal of credit is due to her for the simple way in which she has told her story. We miss, and miss with satisfaction, that conventional story-telling diction which any one who has written much cannot easily avoid. Here and there, it is true, we trace the current language of the circulating libraries; but this can hardly be regarded as a fault. It is rather to be considered as a quiet protest on the part of the author to let us know that she is the writer of "**East Lynne**" and "**Lady Adelaide's Oath**," as well as "**Orville College**." Without this occasional reminder, we might be inclined to doubt the fact. There are several well-drawn characters in the book. The best we take to be Mr. Henry, the German master. He is perhaps a type of usher that every novelist loves first to wrong and then to right; mild, patient, forbearing, with a secret that oppresses him up to the closing chapter of the story. But still Mr. Henry is well sketched, and what is more he is certain to enlist the sympathies, in spite of his hateful calling, of every youngster that catches hold of the book. We extract one scene—not the least important in the story—as a sample of the style in which the whole is written:—

"It was a beautiful moonlight night; and the boys chose an open place amidst the trees, where there was a bench and the beams were bright. There they undid the parcel and touched the spring of the box. Bright beams beyond doubt; but not so bright to the four admiring eyes as the pistol barrels. Never had such pistols been seen, although Loftus major—as Mr. Dick communicated in open-hearted confidence—had only given an old song for them at some pawnbroker's. They lifted, they touched, they stroked, they cocked, they took aim. The caps were on, and it was only by an amount of incomprehensible self-denial that they did not fire. . . . All in a moment, Dick caught sight of a trencher, poking itself gingerly through the trees, and regarding them. A master's trencher too, for the two tassels, one over the other, were distinctly visible. With a smothered cry of warning to his companion, Dick vanished, carrying his pistol with him. Smart, nearly beside himself with terror when he comprehended the situation, vanished in Dick's wake; but in his confusion he dropped his pistol into the sheet of wadding on the bench. The coast clear, the spy (an unintentional spy it must be confessed) came forward. . . . He took up the pistol, looked at it again, critically held it for a minute before him, then took aim and fired it off. The answer to this was a human cry and a fall."

In an age such as ours, when the most successful works are unquestionably those whose fiction, or rather treatment, is most realistic, it is a bold experiment to publish such a novel as "**The White Lie**." Yet it cannot be questioned that there is plenty of room for the pure romance, not as it existed fifty years ago, but as it now could be made to exist, refined by the many influences

* **Leslie Tyrrell**. By Georgina M. Craig. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Orville College. By Mrs. Henry Wood. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The White Lie. By F. Devonshire. London: Charles J. Skeet.

which these cultured times could bring to bear upon it. Any attempt, therefore, in this particular walk of art is justifiable enough, providing it carries within it its own justification. We regret that we cannot approve Mr. Devonshire's attempt. This style of writing owes everything to plot, and, unlike the opposite school, where the plot is bad the book is bad. Mr. Devonshire's plot is very bad. It could not be worse. It is as stupid a plot as any author ever took the trouble to elaborate. Not Holcroft, not Fitzball, not the most transpontine of our latter-day dramatists could have suggested anything so melodramatically absurd. Yet the treatment is not destitute of a certain cleverness. There are some capital author's "asides" in the book, and passages containing really profound views of life admirably expressed are frequently to be encountered. But the plot is simply preposterous. It belongs to a school too old to remember and too absurd to be worth remembering; and it is to be regretted that an author of Mr. Devonshire's ability should not have chosen to seek elsewhere for ideas than in volumes of the most melodramatic fustian. From certain allusions to contemporary habits and forms of prejudice, we presume the story is supposed to occur in our own times. It opens with an old hag precipitating a baby from a cliff and it concludes with the baby supposed to be murdered coming to life again and all but marrying her own father. Between these two points, love, murders, sudden deaths, occur to an extent that, were they represented on the stage, no audience could stand the smoke of the blue-light, and no orchestra the violence of the thrumming, which such a representation would demand. We will not dwell upon this capital fault, because it is the error of a man obviously capable of doing infinitely better. When he is not telling his story, Mr. Devonshire proves himself more capable than many novelists who, simply because they exercise greater discretion in the selection of their plots, command infinitely more attention. Here is a sample of one of these "asides":—

"Few women exist who have not a charitable feeling of commiseration for ugliness in man. Very pretty girls are everywhere seen mated with very ugly partners. In real life, as in the fairy story, there are beauties and beasts without number, with this very essential difference in the case of what is, as opposed to what ought to be, that the latter never turn out distressed princes in disguise who have a wonderful knack of falling upon their feet in every tumble of life, and of being enamelled into shape, eventually, by some beneficent fairy. However much ladies may object to ugliness in the abstract, the concrete term which embodies the attribute as applied to a lover is very leniently dealt with, when the others in combination with it are deemed satisfactory. Can the same be said of an awkward, gawky, loutish lover?"

There are also some excellent descriptions of natural scenery. Whatever may be the result of this attempt, it is quite certain that if Mr. Devonshire will take the trouble before writing his next novel to provide himself with an original or at least reasonable plot, he will be successful.

BIBLICAL STUDIES.*

THE erudition and ability of Professor Delitzsch are so well known to his own countrymen and to all English students of theology acquainted with German, that we are grateful to the excellent publishers, Messrs. Clark, for providing those who are unable to peruse them in the original with a readable, if not always an idiomatic, translation of two of his ablest works. Even those who are tolerably familiar with the Professor's language will feel a relief in turning from the elaborate involutions and puzzling terminology of his somewhat obscure style to the plain and, as far as we can judge, correct version of his clerical translators. The "Psychology" has already run through a first edition, and containing, as it does, the fruits of more than twenty years' study and reflection, approaches as near as perhaps is possible to an exhaustive treatment of a vast and perplexing subject. In more places than we shall have time to mention we disagree with the author's conclusions. Many of his speculations strike us as wild, fanciful, and bordering here and there on the absurd. But for profound acquaintance with the letter of Scripture interpreted by a spirit of rare metaphysical acuteness, we suspect Dr. Delitzsch's treatise on Biblical Psychology has few parallels in modern theology.

We can quite understand the objections that may be made against the existence, or even possibility, of any such science. It might fairly be contended that as the Bible gives man no system of astronomy, or geology, or physiology, it cannot be expected to afford any formal or precise information as to the psychical nature of human beings. On the other hand, however, it must be remembered that a revelation which proposes for its end the moral and spiritual reconstruction of humanity, can scarcely be silent as to those faculties and functions of man which are to be raised and renovated by its influence. If the great truths of the creation—the Fall, the Redemption, the Resurrection—are the main teachings of Scripture, we may fairly expect to find systematic and uniform replies to such questions as—"What were the original parts of human nature? How were these affected by the Fall; and how will they be by the redemption and restoration of man?" If the Bible does not contain enough of psychology to enlighten us on such

points as these, we scarcely see what it can be expected to teach. In fact, some psychological system must lie at the basis of Christian doctrine, and theologians from the days of Tertullian have not been slow to recognise the necessity. Though not formally conceived with scientific precision, nor couched in the language of technical philosophy, as was not likely to be the case, there is, as our author affirms, a distinct and uniform doctrine of Scripture "on the psychical constitution of man as it was created, and the ways in which it has been affected by sin and redemption." The Bible approaches the subject no doubt from a different side to that which Aristotle, for example, considers in his famous treatise *περί ψυχῆς*; its teaching is implied rather than stated, assumed rather than demonstrated, mixed up with practical truths rather than propounded independently for its own sake. But the teaching and the system are there; and when properly handled, they throw no small light on the leading doctrines of revelation.

(1.) Is man to be divided dichotomically into Body and Soul, or trichotomically into Body, Soul, and Spirit? and, however this be ruled (2), what is the distinction and relation between the *ψυχή* and the *πνεῦμα* of Scripture? These constitute the two fundamental questions of sacred metaphysics. The first after all is more of a verbal than a real question, and the advocates of either views hold a position maintainable consistently with different parts of revelation. It is the second question that our author rightly considers of the greatest importance, and it is here that his speculations display the most originality and depth. His leading idea, based principally on the language of St. Paul, is that the "soul" of the first Adam was the link uniting the "body" and "spirit." These last are of a totally distinct nature, whereas the "soul" is closely allied to the "spirit"; the *πνεῦμα* being the inward essence of the soul, the *ψυχή* being the external nature and manifestation of the spirit. The soul, in its normal state, was first of all the personal link of human nature; but the spirit was to become the personal power, the ruling, glorifying principle of human nature. Man, however, defeated the original plan of his creation; instead of suffering himself to be determined by the *πνεῦμα* that was inbreathed from the Creator, he suffered himself to fall under the direction of the *ψυχή* which had escaped from the spirit, and submitted itself to the *σάρξ*. Henceforward the "soul" and not the "spirit" was to be the dominant principle in man, until the second Adam came to undo the evil work of the first, and to inaugurate a life of which the *πνεῦμα* and not the *ψυχή* was to be the pervading element. The soul and spirit, which became divided and opposed by the Fall, are united and reconciled by the Redemption. We cannot of course present to our readers our author's comprehensive and minutely elaborated doctrine upon this leading point, much as we might wish to do so. Many of the subsequent distinctions drawn between the functions of the spirit and their correspondence with the persons of the Trinity, or the harmony subsisting between the seven powers of the soul and the sevenfold glory of God, we could wish that the professor had omitted. We see no ground for any such theories in Scripture; we believe them, on the contrary, to be developed almost entirely out of the author's own consciousness, and blended as they are with what is unquestionably derived from the voice of Revelation, they give occasion to more exact and less fanciful critics to suspect a system that requires to be thus eked out by professorial ingenuity. The determination to wring a theory out of Scripture makes Dr. Delitzsch often press words far beyond their plain and natural meaning; while at other times the desire to give a roundness and consistency to some doctrine leads him into what we can call nothing less than gross materialism, *e.g.*, he wishes to show how man's threefold life partakes of Christ's triple nature of body, soul, and spirit; accordingly he represents Christians as participating in Christ's soul through his blood! "For (we quote our author's own words) the blood is the soul; soul and blood are involved in one another. . . . This divine human blood of the Mediator becomes the tincture of our soul." Such a mixture of bad physiology and forced Scripture will not, we believe, assist any of our author's readers to comprehend, as he hopes, more systematically the operations of divine grace on the soul of man. Many of these abstruser theories have been added by the professor in his second edition; we trust that he will have learned to bridle his speculation before he is called on to prepare a third.

Many readers will prefer the exegetical to the metaphysical side of Dr. Delitzsch's genius, though in the field of exposition he has to encounter abler competitors than in that of psychological study. It would be difficult to over-rate the value of the contributions afforded to the interpretation of Isaiah's prophecies by Vitringa, Gesenius, and Ewald; but we are quite of opinion that there is yet room for our author's commentary. Unlike his able predecessors he approaches the subject from the stand-point of an orthodoxy which, at the same time, is far from ignoring, and not reluctant in answering, the doubts of the rationalists. Our professor is an unhesitating believer in the divine gift of prophecy; he is not at all disposed, like many of his countrymen, to regard the predictions of the Hebrew seers as mere retrospective glances or felicitous combinations produced by a natural foresight. He is evidently a profound Hebrew scholar and a good orientalist, with enough of poetic insight and literary judgment to appreciate the æsthetic side of Isaiah's poetry. We are, therefore, very glad that Messrs. Clark have selected this commentary in preference to others, to form a part of their excellent series of translations from the best and soundest of the German divines. The present volume carries the exposition only to the twenty-seventh chapter; but the introduction acquaints us with

* A System of Biblical Psychology. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated from the German by Rev. R. E. Wallis, Phil. Dr. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
Delitzsch on the Prophecies of Isaiah. Translated from the German by the Rev. J. Martin, B.A. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

the author's views as to the divisions of the entire book, and the difficult questions connected with the historical Chapters XXXVI—XXXIX, and the authenticity of Chapter XL—LXVI. Criticism of late, as most of our readers are aware, has been strong in pronouncing against the unity of authorship in the first and second half of Isaiah, and therefore we admire all the more the independence of Dr. Delitzsch, who, placing greater reliance on tradition than Ewald or Hitzig, does not hesitate to assign the latter chapters to Isaiah's pen. He readily acknowledges the occasional discrepancy in style, ideas, and forms, but maintains that this is not strange in an author "the most universal of all the prophets, who is wont to vary his style to suit the demands of his materials, his attitude, his purpose," especially too (he might have added) as the chapters in question were written at a much later period of life than the rest. In favour of his position the professor has brought forward a point which we do not recollect having seen dwelt on with the same force, viz., the numerous quotations and imitations of the latter half of Isaiah that are to be found in prophets so near his time as Jeremiah and Zephaniah. We could have wished that the Prolegomena had expanded this and other suggestive remarks a little more in the face of the destructive analysis of recent commentators, who would represent the book of Isaiah as little better than an anthology composed of the lyrical productions of half a dozen different authors. We are not confident enough of our Semitic lore to pronounce on the accuracy of the new translation with which Professor Delitzsch accompanies his commentary; but it gives us the impression of the greatest fidelity, and, as may be seen in his remarks on the famous text, c. vii. 14, impartiality of criticism. When we say that in a survey of the entire book the only inaccuracy that met our eye was the quotation of "jugulare Falernum" as an Horatian "phrase," instead of one from Martial, as it should be, it will be seen that our author's erudition is only to be matched by his exactness.

THE MAGAZINES.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" is the subject of the first paper in *Fraser*. The writer professes to construct something like an impartial portrait of the great Roman out of the materials furnished by recent historians of different shades of thinking, including, of course, the elaborate works of Napoleon III., of Professor Mommsen, and of Mr. Merivale. An interesting historical study has been derived from these sources, and the writer takes, on the whole, a very exalted view of the character of Cæsar and of the form of Government which he established. While admitting that the Imperial system included much that was evil, and was not fitted for permanence, he thinks it did great good during the four centuries of its power by spreading civilization over a large part of the world, and preparing the European race for Christianity; and, while not denying that the character of Cæsar himself was deformed by some of the vices of his age, he eulogizes him as a man of surpassing genius, of largely liberal and grand conceptions of statesmanship, and of fewer faults than almost any other despotic ruler. "If," remarks the essayist, "to attain the position of a sovereign be necessarily and under all circumstances a crime in a private citizen, Cæsar must be condemned, and with him Washington and William the Silent. But if it be any excuse that he represented a great cause, that he put an end to long-protracted anarchy, and procured for his country the blessings of peace and order, Cæsar may claim the benefit of it. Liberty had been extinct at Rome ever since the fall of C. Gracchus, and had never been enjoyed by any of her subjects. If Cæsar curbed the license of the city populace, and deprived the small oligarchical faction of their freedom to oppress the provinces, his rule was an unmixed blessing to the subject nations." From "P. C. B." we have a second chapter on "Clerical Song-writers in the North," which will be interesting to all who like Scotch poetry; and this is followed by another part of the series entitled "Village Sketches in Oudh," which contains some curious old Hindu legends. The article on "Sylvester Judd" gives an account of a little-known New England author (little-known, that is to say, in this country, though very popular in his own), who is highly eulogised by James Russell Lowell as the first distinctively "Yankee" writer, and whose novel of "Margaret," first published in 1844, seems—judging from the specimens here given—to be a singular and powerful production. Judd was an Unitarian minister, and his mind appears to have been a good deal influenced by the religious ideas he entertained. "Mr. Cobden and the Land Question" is an article by Mr. R. Arthur Arnold, in which he shadows forth what he regards as necessary reforms in the land system of Great Britain. The remaining contents of the number (besides farther chapters of "The Marston") are—"The Portraits at South Kensington," a pleasant piece of gossip; "Two Salutations," a Scottish story of the time of the Second Pretender's rebellion; a curious scientific paper by Mr. Charles J. F. Bunbury on "Some Characteristics of South American Vegetation"; "Irish Difficulties, a Review of Recent Events," in which a rather unfavourable estimate is formed of the Irish peasant character; a brief article on Alderman Beckford, in which it is shown that considerable doubt exists whether the civic patriot ever delivered that speech to George III. for which he has obtained a statue in Guildhall; a very charming poem in the manner of Wordsworth, called "The Hill Farm," by Mr. R. J. King; and another poem, of which we fail to see the meaning or the beauty, entitled "Rest and Unrest."

Macmillan opens with a history of "The National Rifle Association" from its establishment in 1859 to the present time, very appropriate just now when the eighth annual meeting is about to take place. The Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies discourses on "Priesthood and its Functions;" and an English traveller who was in South Germany this time last year supplies, from personal observation, an account of

the Battle of Kissingen, of which he gives us a very vivid idea. The article on "Lord Dufferin on the Tenure of Land," by Mr. T. E. Cliffe Leslie, opposes the views of the noble lord in question, and contends for the necessity—especially in Ireland—of a system of land tenure such as would give the peasantry a personal interest in the cultivation of the soil. Mr. R. H. Cave furnishes some more of his "Essays at Odd Times;" and an editorial article resumes the subject discussed last month under the head of "Long Holidays," and replies to some of the objections taken against the previous paper. Mr. Henry Kingsley's "Silcote of Silcotes," and Mrs. Norton's "Old Sir Douglas" are continued; and Mr. E. H. Hickey writes a dismal poem with the title of "In the Shadow."

The *Cornhill Magazine*, in an article on "Coolie Labour and Coolie Emigration," presents in a very readable form a good many particulars and statistics relating to this important subject. The materials upon which the article is founded seem for the most part to have been taken from the reports furnished to the Hawaiian Government by Dr. Helochaud, the commissioner despatched by that Government to travel in China, India, and those countries from whence a supply of coolie labour might be expected. The principal parts from which Chinese labour is drawn seem to be Macao, Canton, Amoy, and Swatow. The attachment which the Northern Chinaman appears to have for his home, poor and miserable though it be, has rendered the attempts at emigration from the north of China unsuccessful; and when we see the fate that awaits some of the emigrants, we are not surprised at the suspicion with which the Northern Chinese view any attempt to remove them from their accustomed haunts. The Peruvian and Spanish coolie contractors, who hold in their hands the labour trade to Peru and Cuba, conduct the business with that indifference to human suffering for which they are proverbially famous. The ships in which the men are transported have a kind of discipline resembling that on board English convictships, but the whole proceeding bears far too close a resemblance in its general features to the middle passage. We are not surprised to learn that suicides are common and that the mortality averages as high as 25 per cent. It is gratifying to turn to the account which the writer gives of the working of the immigration carried on under the supervision of the British Government. There no head-money is permitted. The whole matter is under the control of the regular consular authorities. Single-decked vessels are alone employed, and are despatched only during the north-east monsoon, and the mortality on the voyage, which is of an average length of 86 to 120 days, is only from 1½ to 2½ per cent. "Culture and its Enemies" is a reprint of the last lecture of Mr. Matthew Arnold in the Poetry Chair at Oxford. The "Classics in Translation" is a thoughtful and well-written article upon a subject of which it is impossible to overrate the importance. The writer expresses an opinion that by reading the cream of the translations of the poets and good business-like ones of the other books of antiquity, the English reader may not only acquire a mass of positive knowledge about the ancient world, but a fair notion of the character and genius of its greatest writers, and he points out the instances of great men who have been satisfied by the perusal of the works of Greek and Roman writers in an English form. The other articles are quite up to the average, and the two serial stories, "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly" and "Stone Edge," maintain their interest.

Belgravia this month is not quite so rich as it generally is in fiction, but presents fair selections of occasional articles. Mr. Walter Thornbury visits Soho-square, Belgrave-square, Berkeley-square, Portman-square, and Cavendish-square, and is, if anything, more interesting than in his former papers. In the next number of the Magazine is to appear the first of a series of articles by the same author upon a kindred subject—the London Parks. Dr. Phipson's article upon "Inhabited Planets" is interesting enough, but it enters at no length upon the subject, and conveys very little information unknown to the generality of magazine readers. In his "Letters from Lilliput," Mr. G. A. Sala, in rather an odd freak, is singularly unpleasant in his descriptions of rats and their habits, and almost as disagreeable when he leaves them, and rushes off into green lizards. The article winds up with dogs, not from any connection which they can possibly have with lizards, but apparently with the object of having in the paper something which a reader may peruse without shuddering. The writer of the article called "French Novels" starts rather an odd theory. He holds that the heroine of a novel can never be delineated by a French romancist as she would by an English one, and for the simple reason that she has no original in France. French girls may often be sweet, modest, and well-informed young creatures; but, as far as their relations with society are concerned, the French girl is a nonentity. "Under the despotic sway of a *chaperone* she walks a narrow path, and never allows a glance to swerve beyond the invisible barriers which hem her in on all sides." She knows that matrimony is the only outlet to her prison walls, "and to this her consent is demanded as a mere matter of form," after one interview has been granted to the young couple. French girls being nobodies, French married women are necessarily the only persons amongst whom the novelist can seek his heroines, that they may receive those declarations and protestations of affection which degrade them, but are in no way out of place when addressed to an unmarried English girl. The theory is not without its ingenuity; but we fear the writer overlooks the actual state of French society, and rather exaggerates the disabilities that oppress French young ladies. This number of the Magazine is, on the whole, rather better than its predecessors. The poetry, as usual, contains some execrable productions; but the lines on "Summer Time," although destitute of anything like strength of thought, are fairly written.

The *Fortnightly Review* keeps up its high standard of tone and thought. Professor Beesly's article on "The Trade-Union Commission" is of value at this moment where there is considerable and irrational heat on one side of the question. We do not go with him to the length he proposes, but his views are soundly and cautiously propounded. Mr. Swinburne appears not as a poet, but as the critic of a poet. We have elsewhere given our opinion of the work which

which these cultured times could bring to bear upon it. Any attempt, therefore, in this particular walk of art is justifiable enough, providing it carries within it its own justification. We regret that we cannot approve Mr. Devonshire's attempt. This style of writing owes everything to plot, and, unlike the opposite school, where the plot is bad the book is bad. Mr. Devonshire's plot is very bad. It could not be worse. It is as stupid a plot as any author ever took the trouble to elaborate. Not Holcroft, not Fitzball, not the most transpontine of our latter-day dramatists could have suggested anything so melodramatically absurd. Yet the treatment is not destitute of a certain cleverness. There are some capital author's "asides" in the book, and passages containing really profound views of life admirably expressed are frequently to be encountered. But the plot is simply preposterous. It belongs to a school too old to remember and too absurd to be worth remembering; and it is to be regretted that an author of Mr. Devonshire's ability should not have chosen to seek elsewhere for ideas than in volumes of the most melodramatic fustian. From certain allusions to contemporary habits and forms of prejudice, we presume the story is supposed to occur in our own times. It opens with an old hag precipitating a baby from a cliff and it concludes with the baby supposed to be murdered coming to life again and all but marrying her own father. Between these two points, love, murders, sudden deaths, occur to an extent that, were they represented on the stage, no audience could stand the smoke of the blue-light, and no orchestra the violence of the thrumming, which such a representation would demand. We will not dwell upon this capital fault, because it is the error of a man obviously capable of doing infinitely better. When he is not telling his story, Mr. Devonshire proves himself more capable than many novelists who, simply because they exercise greater discretion in the selection of their plots, command infinitely more attention. Here is a sample of one of these "asides":—

"Few women exist who have not a charitable feeling of commiseration for ugliness in man. Very pretty girls are everywhere seen mated with very ugly partners. In real life, as in the fairy story, there are beauties and beasts without number, with this very essential difference in the case of what is, as opposed to what ought to be, that the latter never turn out distressed princes in disguise who have a wonderful knack of falling upon their feet in every tumble of life, and of being enamelled into shape, eventually, by some beneficent fairy. However much ladies may object to ugliness in the abstract, the concrete term which embodies the attribute as applied to a lover is very leniently dealt with, when the others in combination with it are deemed satisfactory. Can the same be said of an awkward, gawky, loutish lover?"

There are also some excellent descriptions of natural scenery. Whatever may be the result of this attempt, it is quite certain that if Mr. Devonshire will take the trouble before writing his next novel to provide himself with an original or at least reasonable plot, he will be successful.

BIBLICAL STUDIES.*

THE erudition and ability of Professor Delitzsch are so well known to his own countrymen and to all English students of theology acquainted with German, that we are grateful to the excellent publishers, Messrs. Clark, for providing those who are unable to peruse them in the original with a readable, if not always an idiomatic, translation of two of his ablest works. Even those who are tolerably familiar with the Professor's language will feel a relief in turning from the elaborate involutions and puzzling terminology of his somewhat obscure style to the plain and, as far as we can judge, correct version of his clerical translators. The "Psychology" has already run through a first edition, and containing, as it does, the fruits of more than twenty years' study and reflection, approaches as near as perhaps is possible to an exhaustive treatment of a vast and perplexing subject. In more places than we shall have time to mention we disagree with the author's conclusions. Many of his speculations strike us as wild, fanciful, and bordering here and there on the absurd. But for profound acquaintance with the letter of Scripture interpreted by a spirit of rare metaphysical acuteness, we suspect Dr. Delitzsch's treatise on Biblical Psychology has few parallels in modern theology.

We can quite understand the objections that may be made against the existence, or even possibility, of any such science. It might fairly be contended that as the Bible gives man no system of astronomy, or geology, or physiology, it cannot be expected to afford any formal or precise information as to the psychical nature of human beings. On the other hand, however, it must be remembered that a revelation which proposes for its end the moral and spiritual reconstruction of humanity, can scarcely be silent as to those faculties and functions of man which are to be raised and renovated by its influence. If the great truths of the creation—the Fall, the Redemption, the Resurrection—are the main teachings of Scripture, we may fairly expect to find systematic and uniform replies to such questions as—"What were the original parts of human nature? How were these affected by the Fall; and how will they be by the redemption and restoration of man?" If the Bible does not contain enough of psychology to enlighten us on such

points as these, we scarcely see what it can be expected to teach. In fact, some psychological system must lie at the basis of Christian doctrine, and theologians from the days of Tertullian have not been slow to recognise the necessity. Though not formally conceived with scientific precision, nor couched in the language of technical philosophy, as was not likely to be the case, there is, as our author affirms, a distinct and uniform doctrine of Scripture "on the psychical constitution of man as it was created, and the ways in which it has been affected by sin and redemption." The Bible approaches the subject no doubt from a different side to that which Aristotle, for example, considers in his famous treatise *περί ψυχής*; its teaching is implied rather than stated, assumed rather than demonstrated, mixed up with practical truths rather than propounded independently for its own sake. But the teaching and the system are there; and when properly handled, they throw no small light on the leading doctrines of revelation.

(1.) Is man to be divided dichotomically into Body and Soul, or trichotomically into Body, Soul, and Spirit? and, however this be ruled (2), what is the distinction and relation between the *ψυχή* and the *πνεῦμα* of Scripture? These constitute the two fundamental questions of sacred metaphysics. The first after all is more of a verbal than a real question, and the advocates of either views hold a position maintainable consistently with different parts of revelation. It is the second question that our author rightly considers of the greatest importance, and it is here that his speculations display the most originality and depth. His leading idea, based principally on the language of St. Paul, is that the "soul" of the first Adam was the link uniting the "body" and "spirit." These last are of a totally distinct nature, whereas the "soul" is closely allied to the "spirit"; the *πνεῦμα* being the inward essence of the soul, the *ψυχή* being the external nature and manifestation of the spirit. The soul, in its normal state, was first of all the personal link of human nature; but the spirit was to become the personal power, the ruling, glorifying principle of human nature. Man, however, defeated the original plan of his creation; instead of suffering himself to be determined by the *πνεῦμα* that was inbreathed from the Creator, he suffered himself to fall under the direction of the *ψυχή* which had escaped from the spirit, and submitted itself to the *σάρξ*. Henceforward the "soul" and not the "spirit" was to be the dominant principle in man, until the second Adam came to undo the evil work of the first, and to inaugurate a life of which the *πνεῦμα* and not the *ψυχή* was to be the pervading element. The soul and spirit, which became divided and opposed by the Fall, are united and reconciled by the Redemption. We cannot of course present to our readers our author's comprehensive and minutely elaborated doctrine upon this leading point, much as we might wish to do so. Many of the subsequent distinctions drawn between the functions of the spirit and their correspondence with the persons of the Trinity, or the harmony subsisting between the seven powers of the soul and the sevenfold glory of God, we could wish that the professor had omitted. We see no ground for any such theories in Scripture; we believe them, on the contrary, to be developed almost entirely out of the author's own consciousness, and blended as they are with what is unquestionably derived from the voice of Revelation, they give occasion to more exact and less fanciful critics to suspect a system that requires to be thus eked out by professorial ingenuity. The determination to wring a theory out of Scripture makes Dr. Delitzsch often press words far beyond their plain and natural meaning; while at other times the desire to give a roundness and consistency to some doctrine leads him into what we can call nothing less than gross materialism, *e.g.*, he wishes to show how man's threefold life partakes of Christ's triple nature of body, soul, and spirit; accordingly he represents Christians as participating in Christ's soul through his blood! "For (we quote our author's own words) the blood is the soul; soul and blood are involved in one another. . . . This divine human blood of the Mediator becomes the tincture of our soul." Such a mixture of bad physiology and forced Scripture will not, we believe, assist any of our author's readers to comprehend, as he hopes, more systematically the operations of divine grace on the soul of man. Many of these abstruser theories have been added by the professor in his second edition; we trust that he will have learned to bridle his speculation before he is called on to prepare a third.

Many readers will prefer the exegetical to the metaphysical side of Dr. Delitzsch's genius, though in the field of exposition he has to encounter abler competitors than in that of psychological study. It would be difficult to over-rate the value of the contributions afforded to the interpretation of Isaiah's prophecies by Vittinga, Gesenius, and Ewald; but we are quite of opinion that there is yet room for our author's commentary. Unlike his able predecessors he approaches the subject from the stand-point of an orthodoxy which, at the same time, is far from ignoring, and not reluctant in answering, the doubts of the rationalists. Our professor is an unhesitating believer in the divine gift of prophecy; he is not at all disposed, like many of his countrymen, to regard the predictions of the Hebrew seers as mere retrospective glances or felicitous combinations produced by a natural foresight. He is evidently a profound Hebrew scholar and a good orientalist, with enough of poetic insight and literary judgment to appreciate the æsthetic side of Isaiah's poetry. We are, therefore, very glad that Messrs. Clark have selected this commentary in preference to others, to form a part of their excellent series of translations from the best and soundest of the German divines. The present volume carries the exposition only to the twenty-seventh chapter; but the introduction acquaints us with

* A System of Biblical Psychology. By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated from the German by Rev. R. E. Wallis, Phil. Dr. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Delitzsch on the Prophecies of Isaiah. Translated from the German by the Rev. J. Martin, B.A. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

the author's views as to the divisions of the entire book, and the difficult questions connected with the historical Chapters XXXVI—XXXIX, and the authenticity of Chapter XL—LXVI. Criticism of late, as most of our readers are aware, has been strong in pronouncing against the unity of authorship in the first and second half of Isaiah, and therefore we admire all the more the independence of Dr. Delitzsch, who, placing greater reliance on tradition than Ewald or Hitzig, does not hesitate to assign the latter chapters to Isaiah's pen. He readily acknowledges the occasional discrepancy in style, ideas, and forms, but maintains that this is not strange in an author "the most universal of all the prophets, who is wont to vary his style to suit the demands of his materials, his attitude, his purpose," especially too (he might have added) as the chapters in question were written at a much later period of life than the rest. In favour of his position the professor has brought forward a point which we do not recollect having seen dwelt on with the same force, viz., the numerous quotations and imitations of the latter half of Isaiah that are to be found in prophets so near his time as Jeremiah and Zephaniah. We could have wished that the Prolegomena had expanded this and other suggestive remarks a little more in the face of the destructive analysis of recent commentators, who would represent the book of Isaiah as little better than an anthology composed of the lyrical productions of half a dozen different authors. We are not confident enough of our Semitic lore to pronounce on the accuracy of the new translation with which Professor Delitzsch accompanies his commentary; but it gives us the impression of the greatest fidelity, and, as may be seen in his remarks on the famous text, c. vii. 14, impartiality of criticism. When we say that in a survey of the entire book the only inaccuracy that met our eye was the quotation of "jugulare Falernum" as an Horatian "phrase," instead of one from Martial, as it should be, it will be seen that our author's erudition is only to be matched by his exactness.

THE MAGAZINES.

"JULIUS CÆSAR" is the subject of the first paper in *Fraser*. The writer professes to construct something like an impartial portrait of the great Roman out of the materials furnished by recent historians of different shades of thinking, including, of course, the elaborate works of Napoleon III., of Professor Mommsen, and of Mr. Merivale. An interesting historical study has been derived from these sources, and the writer takes, on the whole, a very exalted view of the character of Cæsar and of the form of Government which he established. While admitting that the Imperial system included much that was evil, and was not fitted for permanence, he thinks it did great good during the four centuries of its power by spreading civilization over a large part of the world, and preparing the European race for Christianity; and, while not denying that the character of Cæsar himself was deformed by some of the vices of his age, he eulogizes him as a man of surpassing genius, of largely liberal and grand conceptions of statesmanship, and of fewer faults than almost any other despotic ruler. "If," remarks the essayist, "to attain the position of a sovereign be necessarily and under all circumstances a crime in a private citizen, Cæsar must be condemned, and with him Washington and William the Silent. But if it be any excuse that he represented a great cause, that he put an end to long-protracted anarchy, and procured for his country the blessings of peace and order, Cæsar may claim the benefit of it. Liberty had been extinct at Rome ever since the fall of C. Gracchus, and had never been enjoyed by any of her subjects. If Cæsar curbed the license of the city populace, and deprived the small oligarchical faction of their freedom to oppress the provinces, his rule was an unmixed blessing to the subject nations." From "P. C. B." we have a second chapter on "Clerical Song-writers in the North," which will be interesting to all who like Scotch poetry; and this is followed by another part of the series entitled "Village Sketches in Oudh," which contains some curious old Hindu legends. The article on "Sylvester Judd" gives an account of a little-known New England author (little-known, that is to say, in this country, though very popular in his own), who is highly eulogised by James Russell Lowell as the first distinctively "Yankee" writer, and whose novel of "Margaret," first published in 1844, seems—judging from the specimens here given—to be a singular and powerful production. Judd was an Unitarian minister, and his mind appears to have been a good deal influenced by the religious ideas he entertained. "Mr. Cobden and the Land Question" is an article by Mr. R. Arthur Arnold, in which he shadows forth what he regards as necessary reforms in the land system of Great Britain. The remaining contents of the number (besides further chapters of "The Marston") are—"The Portraits at South Kensington," a pleasant piece of gossip; "Two Salutations," a Scottish story of the time of the Second Pretender's rebellion; a curious scientific paper by Mr. Charles J. F. Bunbury on "Some Characteristics of South American Vegetation"; "Irish Difficulties, a Review of Recent Events," in which a rather unfavourable estimate is formed of the Irish peasant character; a brief article on Alderman Beckford, in which it is shown that considerable doubt exists whether the civic patriot ever delivered that speech to George III. for which he has obtained a statue in Guildhall; a very charming poem in the manner of Wordsworth, called "The Hill Farm," by Mr. R. J. King; and another poem, of which we fail to see the meaning or the beauty, entitled "Rest and Unrest."

Macmillan opens with a history of "The National Rifle Association" from its establishment in 1859 to the present time, very appropriate just now when the eighth annual meeting is about to take place. The Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies discourses on "Priesthood and its Functions;" and an English traveller who was in South Germany this time last year supplies, from personal observation, an account of

the Battle of Kissingen, of which he gives us a very vivid idea. The article on "Lord Dufferin on the Tenure of Land," by Mr. T. E. Cliffe Leslie, opposes the views of the noble lord in question, and contends for the necessity—especially in Ireland—of a system of land tenure such as would give the peasantry a personal interest in the cultivation of the soil. Mr. R. H. Cave furnishes some more of his "Essays at Odd Times;" and an editorial article resumes the subject discussed last month under the head of "Long Holidays," and replies to some of the objections taken against the previous paper. Mr. Henry Kingsley's "Silcote of Silcotes," and Mrs. Norton's "Old Sir Douglas" are continued; and Mr. E. H. Hickey writes a dismal poem with the title of "In the Shadow."

The *Cornhill Magazine*, in an article on "Coolie Labour and Coolie Emigration," presents in a very readable form a good many particulars and statistics relating to this important subject. The materials upon which the article is founded seem for the most part to have been taken from the reports furnished to the Hawaiian Government by Dr. Helochaud, the commissioner despatched by that Government to travel in China, India, and those countries from whence a supply of coolie labour might be expected. The principal parts from which Chinese labour is drawn seem to be Macao, Canton, Amoy, and Swatow. The attachment which the Northern Chinaman appears to have for his home, poor and miserable though it be, has rendered the attempts at emigration from the north of China unsuccessful; and when we see the fate that awaits some of the emigrants, we are not surprised at the suspicion with which the Northern Chinese view any attempt to remove them from their accustomed haunts. The Peruvian and Spanish coolie contractors, who hold in their hands the labour trade to Peru and Cuba, conduct the business with that indifference to human suffering for which they are proverbially famous. The ships in which the men are transported have a kind of discipline resembling that on board English convict ships, but the whole proceeding bears far too close a resemblance in its general features to the middle passage. We are not surprised to learn that suicides are common and that the mortality averages as high as 25 per cent. It is gratifying to turn to the account which the writer gives of the working of the immigration carried on under the supervision of the British Government. There no head-money is permitted. The whole matter is under the control of the regular consular authorities. Single-decked vessels are alone employed, and are despatched only during the north-east monsoon, and the mortality on the voyage, which is of an average length of 86 to 120 days, is only from 1½ to 2½ per cent. "Culture and its Enemies" is a reprint of the last lecture of Mr. Matthew Arnold in the Poetry Chair at Oxford. The "Classics in Translation" is a thoughtful and well-written article upon a subject of which it is impossible to overrate the importance. The writer expresses an opinion that by reading the cream of the translations of the poets and good business-like ones of the other books of antiquity, the English reader may not only acquire a mass of positive knowledge about the ancient world, but a fair notion of the character and genius of its greatest writers, and he points out the instances of great men who have been satisfied by the perusal of the works of Greek and Roman writers in an English form. The other articles are quite up to the average, and the two serial stories, "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly" and "Stone Edge," maintain their interest.

Belgravia this month is not quite so rich as it generally is in fiction, but presents fair selections of occasional articles. Mr. Walter Thornbury visits Soho-square, Belgrave-square, Berkeley-square, Portman-square, and Cavendish-square, and is, if anything, more interesting than in his former papers. In the next number of the Magazine is to appear the first of a series of articles by the same author upon a kindred subject—the London Parks. Dr. Phipson's article upon "Inhabited Planets" is interesting enough, but it enters at no length upon the subject, and conveys very little information unknown to the generality of magazine readers. In his "Letters from Lilliput," Mr. G. A. Sala, in rather an odd freak, is singularly unpleasant in his descriptions of rats and their habits, and almost as disagreeable when he leaves them, and rushes off into green lizards. The article winds up with dogs, not from any connection which they can possibly have with lizards, but apparently with the object of having in the paper something which a reader may peruse without shuddering. The writer of the article called "French Novels" starts rather an odd theory. He holds that the heroine of a novel can never be delineated by a French romancer as she would by an English one, and for the simple reason that she has no original in France. French girls may often be sweet, modest, and well-informed young creatures; but, as far as their relations with society are concerned, the French girl is a nonentity. "Under the despotic sway of a *chaperone* she walks a narrow path, and never allows a glance to swerve beyond the invisible barriers which hem her in on all sides." She knows that matrimony is the only outlet to her prison walls, "and to this her consent is demanded as a mere matter of form," after one interview has been granted to the young couple. French girls being nobodies, French married women are necessarily the only persons amongst whom the novelist can seek his heroines, that they may receive those declarations and protestations of affection which degrade them, but are in no way out of place when addressed to an unmarried English girl. The theory is not without its ingenuity; but we fear the writer overlooks the actual state of French society, and rather exaggerates the disabilities that oppress French young ladies. This number of the Magazine is, on the whole, rather better than its predecessors. The poetry, as usual, contains some execrable productions; but the lines on "Summer Time," although destitute of anything like strength of thought, are fairly written.

The *Fortnightly Review* keeps up its high standard of tone and thought. Professor Beesly's article on "The Trade-Union Commission" is of value at this moment where there is considerable and irrational heat on one side of the question. We do not go with him to the length he proposes, but his views are soundly and cautiously propounded. Mr. Swinburne appears not as a poet, but as the critic of a poet. We have elsewhere given our opinion of the work which

Mr. Swinburne treats, and it is not improbable that Mr. Swinburne is over-lenient through a sense of modesty, and that he praises Mr. Morris in order to retire into the background from the comparison which the work he reviews suggests with his own. The paper on "Roman, Anglican, and Protestant Sacred Music," is a very sympathetic piece of criticism, rather emotional, but still precise and neat in language. Mr. T. Cliffe Leslie composes an essay out of the facts in Lord Dufferin's recent book. "Edmund Burke" is continued, and is a valuable historical study. The other papers—that on "Currency," by Mr. Patterson, and on "The Reign of Law," by Mr. G. H. Lewes—are far above the average of magazine writing.

The *Dublin University* has an article on the struggles of the early Irish with the Danes, which, whether it be reliable as history or not, is as entertaining as a romance. The paper on Gipsies, also, is curious and worth reading; and "An Actor's Strike" is one of those amusing chapters on the dramatic doings of last century to which this Magazine has of late accustomed us. "Art and its Ministers" is a somewhat random essay. "Lord Dufferin on Irish Land-tenure" is a vindication of the views of his lordship as expressed in his recent work; and in "Ecce Deus" we have a review of the work so called. Another paper is given on the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley's "Life and Recollections;" and the two serial novels are continued.

The *Month*, in a paper on the "Prospects of Catholic Charity," contends that the body which it represents has not yet done all it might do for the relief and instruction of its own poor, and that it is unequal in this respect to the Jews, the Tractarians, the "Evangelicals," and the Independents. A second article on "Promotion and Discipline in the French Army" gives further instances of the superiority of the military system existing among our neighbours to that prevailing here; and the article concludes with the remark:—"Until promotion by purchase and flogging are done away with, it is useless to attempt any scheme of army reorganization. The whole military system of England is so utterly rotten that no mending or patchwork can improve it. The garment must be thrown away, and a perfectly new one organized." This is followed by "Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America," by further chapters of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's romance, "A Stormy Life," by the first of a series of articles on the life of Cervantes, and by a theological article on which we do not care to touch.

The *Contemporary Review* contains an interesting account of the life and writings of St. Jerome, illustrative of the last days of Paganism at Rome; and a very noteworthy paper on "Anonymous Journalism," in which Mr. J. Boyd Kinneer, himself a practical journalist, advocates—on grounds which are worth considering, though we do not think them at all conclusive—the signing of newspaper articles. The other papers are—"Minute English Etymology," by the Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A.; "The Troubles of a Medieval Monastery," by the Rev. George G. Perry, M.A.; "The Gospels and Modern Criticism," by the Editor; and "The Wicklow Country," by the Rev. H. S. Fagan, M.A.

The *Argosy*, in an article upon Meaux and Rheims, gives a very pleasant little sketch of French village life, accompanied by some old French history, and a few of the horrors of the Revolution. This is succeeded by an article called "Placards," pointing out the extent to which this mode of advertising has supplanted that ancient medium of communication, the town-crier, who has retired into an obscurity from which he only now and then emerges at a watering-place to announce the misfortune of some fair creature who has lost her watch or bracelet on the pier or esplanade. The writer then leaves criers and placards to discuss other improvements of modern days. Lieutenant Low, in his "Brush with the Pirates of Elkatseef," not only describes a naval skirmish in the Persian Gulf, but wanders off into any subject that presents itself—the tendency of fishermen to quarrel, the dangers of pearl-diving, and the ferocity of the saw-fish. "A Little of What you Like will do you no Harm" is a gossiping but sensibly written article, in which the writer advocates the permitting young people to taste a little of those pleasures which they see others enjoying, that they may judge of the value for themselves. The author points out instances in which too tight a rein has produced irreparable mischief. The poetry in this number is superior to that which appears in some of its more pretentious contemporaries.

The *Art Journal* engraves Mr. Calderon's striking picture (exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1862), "After the Battle," and Mr. Frith's "Rejected Poet." It also continues its account of the art work in the French Exhibition, and its splendid woodcut illustrations of the same; and its literary contents present many interesting features to the painter, sculptor, and antiquarian, the most noticeable of which is the illustrated article on Flaxman.

London Society presents its readers with a fair collection of those light and entertaining articles and novellettes for which, from its commencement, this periodical has been distinguished.

The *Victoria Magazine* is as strong as ever on "women's rights," and contains, amongst other things, a full report of the debate in the House of Commons (May 20th) on Mr. Mill's motion for the admission of women to the electoral franchise, and a selection of the "opinions of the press" on the subject, including our own. *Good Words* contains the second of Mr. Piazza Smyth's papers on "The Great Pyramid, and Egyptian Life of Four Thousand Years Ago," with illustrations from photographs; an article on "Garibaldi's Retreat from Rome, and the Last Month of Annitta," by an Eye-witness; some papers on popular science; and the usual stories and religious essays. The *People's Magazine* presents us with portions of a tale by Mr. William Gilbert, entitled "Up and Down the Ladder," and is altogether a very good collection of stories and essays.

We have also received the *St. James's Magazine*, the *London, the Sunday Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Our Own Fireside*, the *Technologist*, the *Baptist Magazine*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, the *Eclectic*, the *British Controversialist*, and the *Chess-player's Magazine*.

SHORT NOTICES.

Croquet. By Edmund Routledge. (Routledge & Son.) *Ball Games*. (Same Publishers.)—Mr. Routledge is one of the earliest authorities in croquet and decidedly the best. His rival in the croquet field of literature, in trying to reduce the game to a fine art, made it as difficult as the Chinese language. In this little handybook, while the details are not overlooked, they are not tediously dwelt upon, nor does the writer confuse his text with possibilities and statutes so as to give the subject the dryness of an Act of Parliament without the undeveloped comedy which frequently lurks in the condensed wisdom of a legislator. With such a guide and philosopher through the intricacies of croquet a man may take a determined stand upon any croquet lawn in England.

The Manual of Dates. A Dictionary of Reference. By G. H. Townsend. Second Edition. (Warne & Co.)—The "Manual of Dates" is a convenient cyclopædia for the library table. In the present edition the articles are collated from the most recent authentic sources.

We have also to acknowledge the third edition of *Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.*, by John Clark Marshman (Longmans);—the seventh edition of *The North-West Passage by Land*, by Viscount Milton, M.P., F.R.G.S., &c., and W. R. Cheadle, M.A., M.D. Cantab., &c. (Cassell & Co.);—*American and Italian Cantatrici, or a Year at the Singing Schools of Milan*, by Lucius (Newby);—*Is it a Blot? a Novel*, by the author of "The Cream of Life" (Same Publisher);—illustrated edition of *The Story of Elizabeth* (Smith, Elder, & Co.);—*The Royal Guide to the London Charities for 1867-8*, by Herbert Fry (Hardwicke);—*Algebra*, by J. N. Bissell (Simpkin & Marshall);—books 1 and 2 of *The Class and Standard Series of Reading Books*, by Charles Bilton, R.A. (Longmans);—No. 8 of *Part Music*, edited by John Hullah (Same Publishers);—*The Testament of the Law*, by Thomas Bayfield Sikes (Hall & Co.);—*The Medical and Legal Aspects of Sanitary Reform*, by Alex. P. Stewart and Edward Jenkins (Hardwicke);—*The Financial Lessons of 1866*: a letter addressed, by permission, to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., by a "City Manager" (Smith, Elder, & Co.);—*First Steps towards a Church of the Future*, by the author of "Organized Christianity—is it of Man or of God?" (Simpkin & Marshall); *Italian Irrigation Canal Company—Protection Association of the Septennial Bondholders* (Ramsay, Secretary, 110, Cannon-street).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. GLADSTONE will add to his kindly relations with the press by the speech which he delivered last Saturday evening as chairman at the annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, which then took place at Willis's Rooms. The Fund has hitherto been fortunate in its chairmen. It had a literary nobleman and patron of letters at its first dinner, in the person of Lord Houghton; it had Mr. Dickens the second year; it had a genial and liberal-minded patrician (Lord Granville) the third year; and now it has been honoured by the first of living financiers, and the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. The whole room was hushed as the great orator rose to propose the toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Newspaper Press Fund;" and those sonorous, ringing tones, pleasantly roughened, every here and there, with a touch of Lancashire Doric, frequently called forth the cheers of a company consisting not merely of the professional servants of the press, but of members of both Houses of Parliament, and of persons eminent in society and in intellect. Mr. Gladstone made an able, a sympathetic, a truthful, and a manly speech. He bore frank and cordial testimony to the great importance of the functions discharged in a free country by a free press. He spoke of it as supplying "one of those primary wants of society, without which, it is hardly too much to say, society could not exist." He described it as "so interwoven with the whole tissue of modern life that you could not tear it out, or, if you did, that tissue would be rent into shreds, so as to lose all signs of its identity;" and he expressed an unquestionable and a most pregnant truth when he remarked that "the newspaper press had become more upright, more candid, more careful of the sanctities of private and personal character, more careful to avoid whatever could raise a blush, or stain the mind or conscience, exactly in proportion as it had become more popular and more broad." This admirable speech was, of course, the chief attraction of the evening; but there were other pleasant features also, including some agreeable singing by Mademoiselle Enequist, Mademoiselle Cosenza, Miss Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. G. Perren, under the lead of Mr. Benedict. In the course of the evening, subscriptions were announced exceeding £900.

Mr. Bright more frequently than almost any other member of Parliament adorns his speeches with quotations from old English authors. A few weeks ago, he made, in the House of Commons, a citation from one of Herbert's religious poems, which the reporters sadly mangled; and last Saturday, at the public breakfast given at St. James's Hall to Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the great anti-slavery leader in America, he concluded his impressive speech by a line from Spenser's "Faery Queens." He said:—"One of our oldest and greatest poets has furnished me with a line which shall declare that verdict" [the verdict of the English people on the guest of the day and his friends]. "Are not William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow-labourers in that world's work—are they not

"On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed?"

It is pleasant to find the old poet thus brought in to do honour to principles which are neither old nor modern, but a part of the changeless substance of morality and justice.

Alluding to the threatened action against the proprietor of the late *Day* newspaper by a gentleman who claims a copyright in that title, the *Publishers' Circular* suggests a "serious consideration" which it believes has never before been pointed out. "We refer," it says, "to the case of newspapers and periodicals long established and of high

reputation. Take the case of the *Times* or the *Quarterly Review*, not to speak of the *Annual Register* or the *Gentleman's Magazine*. What is the foundation of the right of these journals to their respective titles? If it is based on nothing but the ordinary copyright law—and we are not aware that it could be based upon anything else—all exclusive right to them must long since have expired; and it must be open to any one to publish to-morrow a newspaper, or review, or magazine, with any one of those names. For literary copyright only exists for forty-two years, or for the life of the author and seven years afterwards; nay, when the journals we refer to, and many others besides, were first established, it existed for a much shorter term, and that term was only extended by Justice Talfourd's Act in the case of copyrights not at that time expired." The point is a very ingenious one, and does indeed open a curious subject for debate; but we should imagine that the continuous publication from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, or from year to year, would secure a permanent copyright in the title.

Mr. Watts, the successor to Mr. Panizzi in the Library of the British Museum, has caused some calculations to be made with reference to the amount of space occupied by newspapers and other periodicals in that institution. According to the result of these inquiries, as published in the *Newspaper Press*, the collection of newspapers in the new Library is kept in 444 presses, containing 9,982 superficial feet. The space occupied by the newspapers is 4,162 ft. 8 in., thus divided:—

	ft.	in.
London Newspapers.....	1,675	0
Provincial ditto	1,059	8
Scotch ditto	288	0
Irish ditto	396	0
Foreign ditto	744	0

Total 4,162 8

The periodical publications are in 390 presses, containing 9,851 superficial feet. In the old Library, the collection occupies a space of 451 yards 4 inches, and in the new Library 2,321 yards 2 feet and 11 inches.

The *Owl* states that "the Queen has commanded that the 'Life of the Prince Consort' should be forthwith undertaken, and to the pen of Mr. Theodore Martin, the accomplished translator of Goethe's ballads, her Majesty has committed the task." Remarking on this, the *Pall Mall Gazette* observes:—"Although the statement is substantially correct, our contemporary has fallen into an error as to the authorship of the work. The first volume of the 'Life,' relating to the early years of the late Prince Consort, has been compiled, under the direction of her Majesty, by General the Hon. Charles Grey, and will shortly be published. It is the remaining portion of the work, which will altogether probably extend to three or four volumes, that her Majesty has intrusted to Mr. Theodore Martin."

The son of Sir Archibald Alison has published an account of the last few days of his father, in which we read:—"For some weeks before his last illness, my father had been troubled with an occasional cough and breathlessness, but so slight was it that it never interrupted his official business, and on Friday the 10th May he attended as usual in the County-buildings, and appeared in the most perfect health. On the morning of Saturday the 11th, he was seized with a severe attack of spasms in the throat. These recurred again with great severity on the evening of the Monday following, and with such terrible violence on the evening of the ensuing Thursday, that the three medical men who were in attendance on him united in opinion that in all probability he had not half an hour to live. But the great natural strength of his constitution here supervened; he rallied, and the disease changed its type; the throat-spasms entirely ceased, the cough and breathlessness greatly diminished, and he slept much. His strength now gradually and slowly sank, and at half-past eleven o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the 23rd May, surrounded by every member of his family, he peacefully sank to rest. So calm was his end that we could not tell the exact moment of his death."

The oddest paper in the world must assuredly be the *Penfield Extra*, a little weekly journal published in the interior of the State of New York. It is edited and "set up" by Nellie Williams, a little girl of thirteen, who, having lost her mother, assists in this way in the support of an aged father and three younger sisters! The *Californian Sunday Mercury* publishes a letter from the child, and goes into poetic raptures over her photograph.

"The original MSS. of Sir Walter Scott's poems, and several of his novels and prose works are about," says the *Publishers' Circular*, "to be sold by auction, by order of the executors of the late Mr. Robert Cadell, of Edinburgh. These comprise 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'Marmion,' 'Rokeby,' 'The Lord of the Isles,' 'Don Roderick,' 'The Field of Waterloo, and Other Poems,' 'Halidon Hill,' 'Doom of Devorgoil,' &c., with an introductory 'Essay on Ballad Poetry,' 'Anchindrane,' 'Anne of Geleirstein,' 'Count Robert of Paris,' 'Castle Dangerous,' and two volumes containing portions of 'Waverley,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Bridal of Triermain,' and 'Tales of a Grandfather.' This portion of 'Ivanhoe' is believed to be the only portion of that romance which Sir Walter Scott wrote with his own hand, as the late Mr. John Ballantyne acted as his amanuensis for a considerable part of it, owing to the author having recently recovered from a severe illness. The manuscript of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' was not preserved. All these manuscripts are remarkable for the extraordinary fluency with which they were written, and the very few corrections or alterations occurring in them; thus affording a proof of Sir Walter Scott's wonderful facility of composition. The manuscripts are stated to be all in a perfect state of preservation, and uniformly bound in Russia, with uncut edges."

The booksellers of Bradford have ceased to allow the customary discount of twopence in the shilling on new publications, and have substituted for it a discount of ten per cent. on purchases above 3s. 6d. They invite the co-operation of the London publishers in carrying out this reform, which will certainly be welcome to the booksellers, whose trade has been greatly injured by the large discount allowed for some years past.

The *Philadelphia Press* complains that Mr. Dickens unfairly implies, in a recent letter to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, that they alone among American publishers have had the honesty to pay him for reprinting his works, the fact being that he has been so paid, and that to a very large amount, and for very many years, by Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York, and Messrs. Peterson Brothers, of Philadelphia. The *Bookseller*, in quoting this statement, adds:—"We believe we are correct in saying that Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of New York, who also publish an edition of Mr. Dickens's works, offered to pay a royalty upon them, but Mr. Dickens declined to accept it."

Mrs. Lynn Linton, the authoress, has received from Messrs. Harper, of New York, without any solicitation on her part, a money acknowledgment for reprinting in their cheap series two of her novels—"Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg" and "Sowing the Wind."

We find in the *John Bull* an obituary notice of Mr. John Cooper Bunney, for many years the publisher of that journal, and one who was associated with Theodore Hook in establishing it.

Dr. J. C. Hepburn, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions to Japan, has completed his "Dictionary of the Japanese Language," which is being printed in Shanghai, and will be published in America by Mr. A. D. F. Randolph.

The new serial tale commenced in the current number of *Once a Week* is entitled "Carlyon's Year," and is by the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

The Early English Text Society is about to publish "William and the Werewolf," to be edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, and "Chaucer's Prose Works," edited by Mr. Richard Morris. Another society, similar to the Early English, is about to be established. It will be christened after the old poet Drayton, the author of the "Polyolbion."

An illustrated work, entitled "Memorials of Stamford, Past and Present," by Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, will shortly be published by Messrs. Johnson, of that town.

The *English Magazine*, a new monthly periodical, will appear on the 1st of August. Its contents will be varied, including novels, tales, and essays. It will be published by Messrs. Kent & Co.

Messrs. TINSLEY will shortly publish a new novel by the author of "Paul Massie." "Paul Massie" was a very clever and interesting story, and if the promised work comes up to the expectation raised by it, we hope to read a thoroughly sound and well-written romance.

The twenty-first volume of the "Napoleon Correspondence" has appeared, with a preface, in the form of a report to the Emperor, by Prince Napoleon. The present volume contains the documents relating to the years 1810 and 1811.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press—"The Gospel of the Resurrection: Thoughts on its Relation to Reason and History," by B. F. Westcott, a new edition; a new volume of "Sermons," by the late G. E. L. Cotton, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta; "Three English Statesmen: Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt," Four Lectures, by Goldwin Smith; "A Shilling Book of Words from the Poets," selected for the use of Parochial Schools and Libraries, by C. M. Vaughan; and "A Shilling Book of Golden Deeds," a reading book for schools and general readers, by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." They are also about to publish a "Globe Atlas of Europe," uniform in size with Macmillan's Globe Series, containing 48 coloured maps, plans of London and Paris, and a copious index. The same house will shortly publish a new volume of Poems by Matthew Arnold.

Messrs. RIVINGTONS have nearly ready—"Eight Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," considered mainly with reference to recent assaults upon the doctrine, being the Bampton Lectures for 1866, with notes, by Henry Parry Liddon; and a fourth volume of the improved series of "The Annual Register, a Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad for the Year 1866," &c.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. will publish immediately, "A Manual of Marine Insurance," by Manley Hopkins, author of "A Handbook of Averages," &c.

Messrs. EDMONSTON & DOUGLAS have nearly ready, in one volume, "A Memoir of Thomas Drummond, Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1835 to 1840," by John F. M'Lennan, Advocate; "Wanderings of a Naturalist in India, the Western Himalayas, and Cashmere," by Dr. A. L. Adams, of the 22nd Regiment, one volume; and "The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth," by Hermann Frederik Ewald, two volumes.

Mr. JOSEPH LILLY has in the press a collection of Seventy-nine Old Black-Letter Ballads and Broad-sides, printed in the reign of Elizabeth, between the years 1559 and 1597, reprinted from a folio volume formerly in the library of the late George Daniel, Esq., accompanied with an introduction and illustrative notes. The volume will be printed by Messrs. Whittingham & Wilkins, on fine toned paper, consisting of above 300 pages, to range with the collections of Percy, Ritson, &c. A detailed Prospectus and descriptive Catalogue of the Seventy Ballads is published.

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT will publish in July a new novel by Mrs. Eliot, entitled "The Curate's Discipline," in 3 vols.; and "The Huguenot Family," by Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," &c., in 3 vols. The new volume of their Standard Library, to be ready in a few days, will consist of "Alec Forbes of Howglen," by George MacDonald, M.A., illustrated.

Mr. CHARLES W. WOOD will shortly publish "Until the End," a novel in 1 vol., by John Pomeroy.

Mr. Carleton, the American publisher, is about to issue an illustrated volume containing some of "Artemus Ward's" latest writings, including, amongst other things, his letters to *Punch*.

DIDER & Co. announce the following works:—"Lord Walpole et la Cour de France, 1723-1730," by the Count de Baillon; "Le Général Kléber," by the Baron Ernout; "Le Gouvernement des Papes et les Révolutions dans les Etats de l'Eglise," by M. H. de Lépinos, second edition.

"Le Propagande Russe en Orient" is the title of a pamphlet of special interest owing to late events in the East.

The work of M. Emile Ollivier, "Démocratie et Liberté," has just been brought out at the Librairie Internationale.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Ablett (W. H.), Advice to Youths entering a Commercial Career. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 American and Italian Cantatrici. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Ballantyne (R. M.), The Young Fur Traders. New edit. Fcap., 3s.
 Blackley (W. L.), and Friedlander (C. M.), English and German Dictionary. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Boswell (R.), Art of Conversation. Fcap., 1s.
 Brown (J.), The Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions in Greyfriars Churchyard. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Calendar of State Papers.—The Carew MS. Edited by J. S. Brewer and W. Bullen. Imp. 8vo., 15s.
 Catlin (G.), O-Kee-Pa: a Religious Ceremony of the Mandans. Imp. 8vo., 14s.
 Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain:—
 Chronica Monasterii di Melsa. Edited by E. A. Bond. Vol. II. 8vo., 10s.
 Giraldi Cambrensis. Edited by J. F. Dimock. Vol. V. Royal 8vo., 10s.
 Church (The) and the World. Edited by Rev. O. Shipley. 2nd Series. 8vo., 15s. Ditto. 1st Series. 3rd edit. 8vo., 15s.
 Clarke (Rev. J. Erskine), Children at Church. New edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Dean (G. A.), Designs for Country Residences. Imp. 4to., £2. 2s.
 Dircks (H.), Inventors and Inventions. Fcap., 4s.
 Donaldson (W.), Art of Constructing Oblique Arches. 8vo., 3s.
 Ford (H. A.), The Childhood of Ada Gray. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Froude (J. A.), Short Studies on Great Subjects. 2nd edit. 8vo., 12s.
 Half-yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences. Vol. XLV. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Hand Book of Practical Perspective. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Hopkins (Manly), Manual of Marine Insurance. 8vo., 18s.
 Knapsack Guide (The) for Travellers in the Tyrol and Eastern Alps. Fcap., 6s.
 Lindley (N.), Law of Partnership. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Royal 8vo., £3. 3s.
 Mechi (Alderman), Farm Balance Sheets. Fcap., 1s.
 Nature and Art. Vol. II. Royal 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Nuttall (P. A.), Standard English Pronouncing Dictionary. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Readwin (T. A.), Index to Mineralogy. 8vo., 1s.
 Becker (W.), The Nonsuch Professor. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Shaw (James), Twelve Years in America. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Stevens (E. T.) and Hole (C.), Complete Reader. Book III. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Thomson (J. R.), Symbols of Christendom. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Trollope (A.), The Last Chronicle of Barset. Vol. II. 8vo., 10s.
 Tyndall (J.), On Sound. Cr. 8vo., 9s.
 Village (The) on the Cliff. By the Author of "The Story of Elizabeth." 3rd edit. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Volpe (G.), Italian Grammar. New edit. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 Whiting (S.), The Romance of a Garret. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Wilson (Prof.), Tales. Cheap edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

	£.	s.	d.
Four Lines and under	0	2	6
Each additional Line	0	0	8
Whole Column	4	0	0
Page	7	7	0

Advertisements should be forwarded to the Office, 11, Southampton Street, Strand, not later than 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—MONTHLY and WEEKLY TICKETS are issued at REDUCED FARES to WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE, Dovercourt, Harwich, Aldborough, Lowestoft, Yarmouth, and Hunstanton.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—A DAY at the SEASIDE.—Every Sunday and Monday, SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN to WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE and HARWICH.—Fares, 7s. 6d., first class; 5s. 6d., second; and 3s., third.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—CHEAP EXCURSION to BROXBORNE and RYE HOUSE, Every Sunday, at 10 a.m.—Fares, 3s. 6d., first class; 2s. 6d., second; and 1s. 6d., third.
 For further particulars see handbills and time-books of the Company.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—JOSEPH GILLOTT, METALLIC PEN MAKER to the QUEEN, begs to inform the commercial world, scholastic institutions, and the public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled machinery for making steel pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions which, for excellence of temper, quality of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, must ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; they are put up in boxes containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and at 37, Gracechurch-street, London.

PERRY & CO'S PATENT BOSTONITE

TABLETS and SLATES.

	£.	s.	d.	
PATENT BOSTONITE	0	3	0	TABLET.
BOSTONITE	0	6	0	Do.
BOSTONITE	1	0	0	Do.
PATENT BOSTONITE	0	6	0	SLATE.
BOSTONITE	1	0	0	Do.
BOSTONITE	1	6	0	Do.
BOSTONITE	2	0	0	Do.
BOSTONITE	2	6	0	Do.
PATENT BOSTONITE	0	6	0	BOOK SLATE.
BOSTONITE	1	0	0	Do.
BOSTONITE	1	6	0	Do.

Sold by all Stationers.

Wholesale, PERRY & CO., 37, Red Lion-square, and 3, Cheapside, London.

THE "FASHION OF FURNITURE."

Under this title, an article appeared some time ago in the *Cornhill Magazine*, pointing out the want of good taste in the design of modern furniture, and offering suggestions for its improvement. These suggestions have been carried out by the Art Furniture Company, 25, Garrick-street, Covent-garden, who now supply cabinet work and house furniture of a picturesque and artistic character at ordinary trade prices. Most of the work has been designed by Mr. CHARLES EASTLAKE, Architect, the Author of "The Cornhill Article."

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
1, OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17, FLEET MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed and Invested Capital and Reserve Fund, £1,900,000.

Losses paid, £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances granted on every description of property at home and abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

All policies are now entitled to the recent reduction in the duty to 1s. 6d. per cent., whether covering buildings, furniture, or stock.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

THE ACCUMULATED AND INVESTED FUNDS OF

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
and its ANNUAL REVENUE, now amount to

ACCUMULATED FUND	£3,700,000
ANNUAL REVENUE	£675,000

The PROFITS of the Company have been divided on seven occasions, since 1825, when the Company was established, and on each occasion large and important benefits have been given to the Assured.

A NEW PROSPECTUS, just issued, contains very full information as to the Company's principles and practice, and will be forwarded by post on application.

AGENCIES in every town of importance throughout the kingdom.

AGENCIES in INDIA and the COLONIES, where Premiums can be received and Claims settled.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, General Secretary for England,
82, King William-street, E.C.SAMUEL R. FERGUSON, Resident Secretary,
West-end office, 3, Pall Mall East, S.W.Edinburgh: 3, George-street (Head-office).
Dublin: 66, Upper Sackville Street.UNIVERSITY LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
EXTENSION TO FOUNDATION SCHOOLS.

Additions for 40 years average nearly 2 per cent. per annum.

CHARLES M'CABE, Secretary.

24, Suffolk-street, London, S.W.

PARIS EXHIBITION!

VISITORS CAN BE INSURED AGAINST

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS ON THE JOURNEY THERE AND BACK,

OR AGAINST

ACCIDENTS of ALL KINDS on the DOUBLE JOURNEY,
as well as DURING THEIR STAY IN PARIS.

The Tickets may be obtained at the

PRINCIPAL RAILWAY STATIONS in the Kingdom;

Of the COMPANY'S LOCAL AGENTS;

At COOK'S EXCURSION OFFICE, 98, FLEET STREET;

And at the Offices, 10, REGENT STREET, and 64, CORNHILL.

W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

BENSON'S WATCHES and CLOCKS.—By special
appointment to

H.R.H THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Prize Medal, London, Class 33; Dublin, Class 10.

WATCHES—CHRONOMETERS, KEYLESS, REPEATERS, CHRONOGRAPHS, &c.

CLOCKS—FOR DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS, CARRIAGES, CHURCHES, &c.

JEWELLERY—SPECIALITIES IN MONOGRAMS, CRYSTALS, DIAMONDS, AND FINE GOLD.

PLATE AND WORKS OF ART IN BRONZE, BY LEADING ARTISTS.

PRICES AND DESCRIPTIONS, SEE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, POST FREE.

Watches and Clocks sent to all parts of the world.

J. W. BENSON, 25, OLD BOND STREET.

Steam Factory and City Show Rooms,

58 and 60, LUDGATE HILL.

Paris Exhibition, 1867, English Section, Class 23.

SEWING MACHINES.

PURCHASERS SHOULD SEE THE FLORENCE.

FOR FAMILY USE IT IS UNEQUALLED.

IN addition to Hemming, Felling, Tucking, Binding, Cording, Quilting, and Gathering and Sewing on a Ruffle at the same time, it makes four different Stitches, has Patent Reversible Feed-motion, fastens off its seams without stopping machine, and has other recent improvements, for which the Highest Premium (Gold Medal) was awarded by the Committee on Sewing Machines at the Exhibition of the American Institute, held at New York, 1855.

Copy of Committee's Report, and Prospectus with Sample of Work, post free.
Agents Wanted. Address:—FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.
97, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE-MEDAL FAMILY SEWING

AND

EMBROIDERY MACHINE.

For every Home, is the simplest, cheapest, and best, doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. It will hem, fell, stitch, gather, quilt, and EMBROIDER in a very superior manner, and with wonderful rapidity. Prices from £6. 6s. Lists free.

WRIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London, E.C.

ICE SAFES and WENHAM LAKE ICE.—The celebrated prize medal REFRIGERATORS, or Ice Safes, fitted with water tanks and filters. Ice cream machines, ice water pitchers, wine coolers, seltzogenes, freezing powders, and everything connected with freezing, of the best, cheapest, most modern, and reliable character.

Wenham Lake Ice delivered in town for less than 1d. per lb., or Packages of 2s. 6d., 5s., 9s., and upwards, forwarded into the Country by "Goods" Train without perceptible waste. Illustrated Price Lists free, at the Sole Office of

The Wenham Lake Ice Company, 140, Strand, London.